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Soldiers
and +
Pioneers



Will A. Miller Chapter

U.D.C. No. 1372

1953-1954

1957680

UNITED Daughters of the Confederacy
Will A Miller Chapter, Texas
Soldiers and Pioneers, 1953-
1954

Amarillo

R-8-10-77

Revised 1977



THIS IS A LIST OF THE MEN WHO FOUGHT AT ADOBE WALLS

They were gathered in the different buildings as follows:

HANRAHAN'S SALOON

James Hanrahan
"Bat" Masterson
Mike Welch
Shepherd
Hiram Watson
Billy Ogg
James McKinley
"Bermuda" Carlisle
William Dixon

MYERS AND LEONARD'S STORE

Fred Leonard
James Campbell
Edward Trevor
Frank Brown
Harry Armitage
"Dutch Henry"
Billy Tyler
Old Man Keeler
Mike McCabe
Henry Lease
"Frenchy"

RATH AND WRIGHT'S STORE

James Langston
George Eddy
Thomas O'Keefe
William Olds and his wife
Sam Smith
Andy Johnson

This list was made by Billy Dixon who fought there.

07

Plan Restoration of Historic Battleground

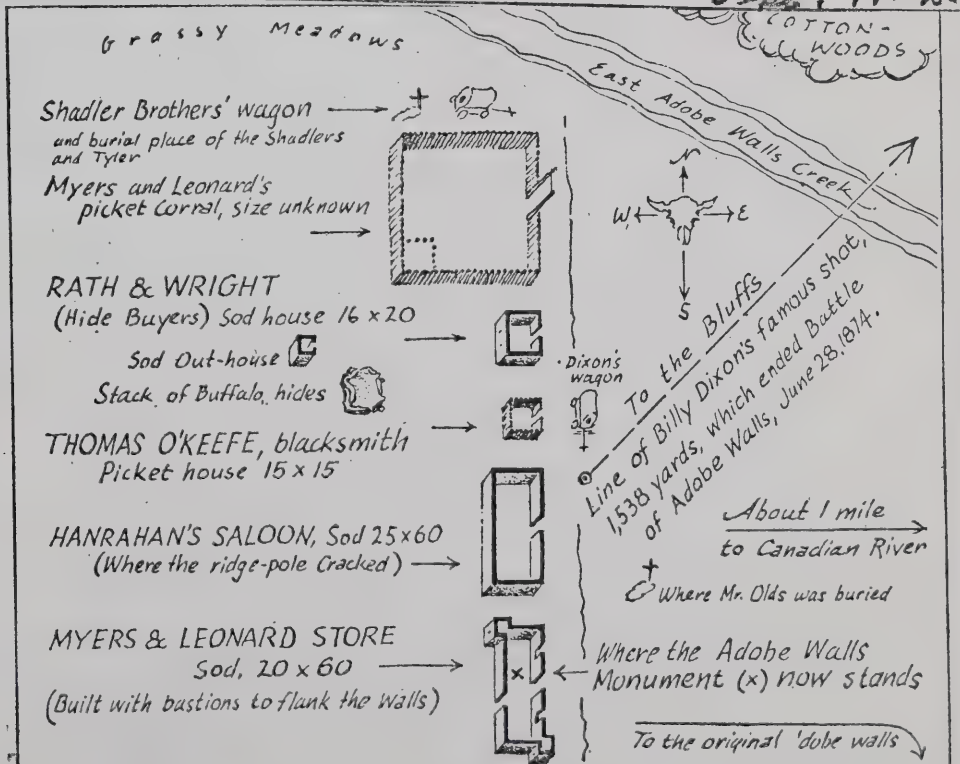


Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, widow of Billy Dixon, Adobe Walls hero, points out the original locations of buildings on the historic battlefield — a group from Spearman—from left. Pete Fisher, Joe H. Smith, County Judge Johnny Lee and Wilson Buchanan.

THE AMARILLO SUNDAY NEWS-GLOBE, AMARILLO, TEXAS

Sept. 1952.

Story on
next Page



Sept. 1952

Adobe Walls Project Is Launched

Plans to restore buildings at Adobe Walls, historic battlefield, have been proposed by a group from Spearman.

The proposal has just been submitted in person to S. B. Whittenburg, president of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, which owns the six-acre tract north of the Canadian River in Hutchinson County.

Exact location of the site is 20 miles east of Stinnett, 25 miles north of White Deer and 25 miles south of Spearman.

At present only a marker, erected in 1924, commemorates the famous fight between 700 warriors from three Indian tribes and 28 frontiersmen.

Wilson Buchanan, Spearman Chamber of Commerce manager, was spokesman for the group, representing Adobe Walls Council, Boy Scouts of America.

"We would like to undertake the project of restoring all the buildings as nearly as possible as they were on June 27, 1874," explained Mr. Buchanan. "When completed it would make an ideal stage for a pageant, which could be an annual attraction with Boy Scouts re-enacting the battle."

All the buildings at Adobe Walls were constructed of sod.

"We plan to use sod and make the buildings to scale," Buchanan added.

The group—Mr. Buchanan, Pete Fisher, Chamber of Commerce president; Joe H. Smith, and County Judge Johnny C. Lee—conferred while here with Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, widow of Billy Dixon, Adobe Walls hero whose famous shot, 1,538 yards, ended the battle.

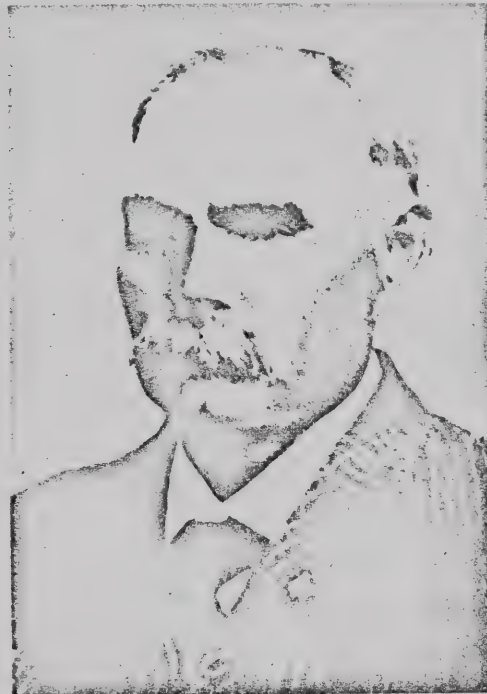
Mrs. Dixon explained the locations of the various buildings, using a map prepared by A. A. Meredith of Borger.

Formal request for authority to start the project will be made in writing and presented at the next meeting of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society.

The request will be signed by

Boy Scout leaders in 15 counties—Cimarron, Texas and Beaver counties in Oklahoma; Ochiltree, Hansford, Lipscomb, Hemphill, Roberts, Hutchinson, Gray, Carson, Wheeler, Collingsworth, Donley and Hall counties.

Billy Dixon



CARSON IS called "Hero of Adobe Walls," but it was Bill Dixon, above, whose heroism saved battle.

their charm. The young woman took the job of prairie school teacher, boarding with a Portuguese family and entering into the social life of the community. In 1894 she and Dixon were married. The minister drove 74 miles to perform the ceremony.

So they moved to Adobe Walls, where Dixon had his homestead—a little log house built on the ruins of Adobe Walls, a young orchard nearby.

Later the couple moved to Plemons, and here before the days of the historic Chisholm Trail, as such, the hero of Adobe Walls had a piano freighted in for his bride.

But this story is only a part of the story told by McCarty. It is a story of the glamor and the grandeur that made up the lives of two who helped shape the High Plains into the familiar world we know. His is a story which had its beginning in another century and another world, and which is linked to our own day by a gracious lady who lived in both worlds.

Olive Dixon's Life Story Is Told in Book

John L. McCarty, Amarillo insurance company and public relations man, has written a book on the life and experiences of Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, pioneer resident of the Panhandle. The book is scheduled for publication by the Naylor Company of San Antonio on Sept. 12.

As editor of The Dalhart Texan and later of The Amarillo Daily News, McCarty has long been a close observer of the spirit and growth of the High Plains area, and he has presented in this book, tentatively titled "Belle Dixon" or "Adobe Walls Bride," a faithful record of two forceful characters in the development of the region.

The book, written in a flowing style well suited to the action and emotional content of the story of Olive K. Dixon, was begun shortly after McCarty wrote "Maverick Town," which was chosen as one of the 10 best Western books of 1946.

It is to be illustrated by Harold

drawings provide striking delineations of Southwestern life.

When Olive King was a pampered baby in Virginia, the man she would grow up to marry was a resourceful Indian scout and buffalo hide hunter, a man who became renowned when his long and lucky rifle shot was the factor which finally crushed the Comanches at the Battle of Adobe Walls.

Stories of the West from family and friends who had followed the sun sifted back to Virginia during Olive's childhood. As a girl still in her teens, she seized the opportunity to visit her married brother in Texas.

The High Plains was a wonderland to the gently bred girl—real ranches, cowboys, "neighbors" who lived 25 to 50 miles away. Wild game thrived. But water had to be carried in tubs when a family hitched up to go visiting. That, to a girl accustomed to brooks, was a matter for laughter.

The High Plains was also a land of colorful heroes and recent violent action, and one of its most fabulous characters was Billy Dixon. It was a breath-taking experience for the young girl to see the hero—close enough to touch!—at a Fourth of July picnic. And afterwards, she had eyes for no one else.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1952

KINGDOM OF THE WEST

BY

Will A. Miller

On the great Staked Plains of Texas
Where the prairies wide expand;
Everything you see about you
A prelude of something grand.

Far across your rolling prairie
Like a phantom wild and strange
Rides the Mirage over the range.

Through this grand and matchless prairie,
Where romance once held the sway;
Where the wicked Old Canadian
Mocked the mighty Milkyway.

Here we see the Kingly Eagle
Rise with flight's majestic wing;
Soaring far across the prairie
But to cease with weary wing.

Met to rest upon the prairie
From the days long weary flight;
Waiting here in lonely silence
For another mornings light.

Yet it's vast and rolling prairie
Where the Bisons used to roam;
With the coyote and the lobo,
Had a kingdom and a home.

On the bosom of this prairie
Like the center of a scene;
Clothed in beauties rarest garments
Sits a fair and haughty queen.

Near the Palo Duro Canyon
Where the Red River starts to flow;
Through the hills that echo voices
Of the Red men of long ago.

Tis the town of Amarillo
Where we have no click or clan;
Everyone for Amarillo,
Moveing like a single man.

Here we view the rolling prairie
See the glamor of growing hay;
O'er the fields in great profusion,
Of the white and golden Maize.

See the smiling, waving wheat fields
When the winds across them sweep;
Like the ocean's heaving bosom
When the breezes kiss the deep.

OVER

See the heard of grazing cattle
In the flowery pastures green
All with cherry snow tipped bossies
With their faces white and clean.

Here we have the bst of water
From the pure crystal fountains,
That is stored for us by winter
On the far Rocky Mountains.

Oh! do come to Amarillo
We will meet you on the way
For we know down in our hearts
You will never rue the day.

Tis the town of Amarillo
Where we have all things the best;
Where the sun shines last on Texas
O'er the glory of the West.

Copied by Mrs. B. F. Harper.

The Will A. Miller Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy
Was named for Mr. Miller, in 1911.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE



STATUE OF THE "PIONEER WOMAN" NEAR PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA, PRESENTED BY E. W. MARLAND, FORMER OIL MAN, AND PRESENT GOVERNOR OF OKLAHOMA

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TO MY FRIENDS OF THE PIONEER DAYS AND THE TWENTY-FIVE YEAR
PIONEERS OF AMARILLO *of 1912-*

BY

Mrs. Jennie Harrell

Copied by

Mrs. B. F. Harper

1926

H. T. (Tuck) Cornelius, wife and three children; Carroll, Berl and Fern, was the first family to locate in Amarillo, Texas. It was on June , 1887. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius' daughter, Mayvi Amarillo, was the first girl born in Amarillo and Potter County. This was on July 18, 1888, (was given lot NE corner 4th and Fillmore). Dr. J. C. Cornelius, father of H. T., came with them, traveling for his wife's health. They camped on Amarillo creek at what is now known as the Jack Hall Ranch. Dr. Cornelius' wife died Sept. 16, 1887.

William Harrell and wife, Jennie, moved to Amarillo in the fall of 1887. Following are the names of their children coming with them: J. W., W. E., and Margaret (Tude) Harrell as she was lovingly called by her friends and schoolmates.

Tude Harrell Jones has the honor of having named Amarillo's cemetery -- Llano Estacado. D. N. Harrell, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrell, was the second boy baby born in Amarillo -- John Murphy being the first. The Harrells came overland in a prairie schooner, using the cowboys' term for a covered wagon.

Amarillo at that time was the largest cattle shipping point in the world; and Amarillo the smallest town. I do not think it was even on the map. The sand storms were very bad. However the cattle were so numerous and the cowboys so brave and our pioneers so progressive, it encouraged us to stay.

Speaking of the wind, one day a gentleman told me that he had bought two barrels of corn from Tuck Cornelius and both had blown away. Often the sand banked against the picket fences until one could easily walk over the fence. But am glad to say that we do not now have such bad sand storms. There were three of the Harrell children: J. W.; W. E.; and Margaret, (Tude), now Mrs. Jones of Memphis, Texas. When their father and mother came to the Panhandle country, they settled in Amarillo. Two sons were born here; D. N., now of Moran, Texas, and Watts Harrell of Amarillo. J. M. Russell and family, still residing in Amarillo, ate their first dinner in Amarillo with the Harrell family.

The Fort Worth and Denver Railroad made its first run into Amarillo in April of 1887. An effort was being made to locate the county seat site a few miles northwest of Amarillo, at the present location of Cliffside. An election was held and it was located on what is known as the Old Town of Amarillo. Smith and Walker were the bankers for the settlers -- they conducted a dry goods firm, or general store. They evidently did not think women would come to the Panhandle and only had two bolts of calico in their store. Mr. Cone also owned a ranch supply store and several large cow ranches in the country at that time.

Potter county built a \$30,000 Court House when it was three years old. The town moved away from it to where Amarillo is today. Mr. Sanborn built the second structure to be erected in the new town, the first Amarillo Hotel, at the present site of the Amarillo Hotel. The first Amarillo Hotel was quite pretentious for a town so small and stood like a sentinel on a hill, beckoning to the old town people to put their shanties on wheels and come on up; as at present the Amarillo and Herring Hotels beckon people from all over the world to come and make their home in Amarillo. The fastest growing and most progressive little city in the world today. W. P. Hardwick was the proprietor of the first Amarillo Hotel in New Town and the Old Town had a very good hotel which later was moved up to the new town and became the annex to the Amarillo. This was run by Mr. and Mrs. McGregor. The court house, which was built in the old town, was torn down and moved to Fifth and Taylor Streets, where the B & D (Oliver in 1926) Drug Store now stands. Court was held here until present courthouse was built. (Paper was written before present building was constructed.) By the fall of 1889, most of the houses in old town had been moved to the new town.

The first Methodist Church was organized by the Rev. Mills, a circuit rider preacher. The Rev. Nance, a Christian preacher, delivered his first sermon in the court house in Old Town.

The following is a list of names of those coming to Amarillo in the years of 1887, '88 and '89: Dr. Cornelius and wife; Judge W. B. Plemons, Hawley Plemons, Belle Helen Plemons, who later married J. R. Gober, first sheriff of Potter County; Barney Plemons, Baze and Hortense. The Plemons family came from Henrietta, Texas, overland in a covered wagon. Judge W. B. Plemons was the first Judge of Potter County. The family first lived on the section of land adjoining Amarillo on the south, now known as the Plemons Addition, and later owned and lived on the now Jack Hall Ranch, on Amarillo Creek. One child, Buford Plemons, was born after they came to Amarillo. Later Mr. Plemons was appointed District Judge by the Governor.

Judge Quinn was the second Judge of Potter County. Mr. McKinney came in _____ : J. L. Smith and wife in _____. Mr. Smith was one of the firm of Smith, Walker & Co. The firm name first being Burns and Walker, they conducted a general merchandise business. It was located in an adobe building at the present site of (Nobles Bros. Gro.) H. A. Marr Grocery. Mr. Smith and his wife still live in Amarillo; Mr. Smith a retired banker and capitalist.

Mack Moore and family came next. The children with them were Malcolm, their oldest daughter; Bud and Louise. Robert Bynum and Davis were born in Amarillo. Mack Moore was the first postmaster of Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wetsel; Mrs. Wetsel having the distinction of being the first white woman in this part of the Panhandle. They had charge of the Frying Pan Ranch, even before Amarillo was located. They later moved to Amarillo and Mr. Wetsel was the first mayor. Their children, Harry, now living in California; and a daughter, Jenny, living in Amarillo. Mrs. Wetsel was a mother to the cowboys and a great favorite -- she made them a home away from home and mothers.. She made the Frying Pan Ranch a home for them. Most of them were young fellows, no doubt away from home for the first time. Those still living have a great esteem for Mrs. Wetsel.

Charlie Ware and family; Charlie Ware was a brother of Tol Ware, (now deceased). Later Charlie Ware moved to Ft. Worth where he died.

Jake L. Miller and family: J. H. Hamlin; The Wells family and their daughters, Ollie and Maude; Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, Bill Johnson (skillet Bill), now of Canadian; C. G. Landis and family. Mr. Landis is now Justice of Peace here. Mrs. Rembert and two daughters, Bessie and Pansy; John Murphy and family; Dr. A. E. Jones; Mr. Adkins, the druggist; Mr. Coon; Dr. E. F. True; John Willis; Thomas F. Turner, lawyer; says he never held a fat paying office job since he came to Amarillo, (a city or county job) but those who know Tom Turner point to him with pride as a good citizen; one who is always ready to give of his time and money to help in any worthy charitabel cause. It would be hard to estimate the good that Tom Turner and his wife have done for Amarillo in its up-building and the splendid work they have done in the Methodist Chrurch.

Mr. Wheatley and his family came to Amarillo from Waxahatchie in _____ and lived in the old Hamlin home in old town until they built their new home. The following children came with them: Laura, now Mrs Fred DuBois; Ray, president of the Amarillo Bank & Trust Co.; Pearl, Nettie, John, Rex, Bess and Margurite.

Jim Holland; Edd Trigg, still living in Amarillo; Frank Trigg and family: Eula Trigg Twichell; Maggie Trigg Chesnutt; Mamie Trigg Owens and Howard Trigg.

Mrs. Annie E. Kirkman, daughter of G. W. Gober, two childrēn, Georgia Pearl, and James Urban. Mrs. Kirkman, with her children first lived with her parents in old town, just across from the Hamlin place, later occupied by the Wheatley family; later moving to the home across the street south from the Carter Hotel and in 1899 Mrs. Kirkman bought the lot on which she now lives, from Jim Stamey and wife, and has lived there continuously since. Urban Kirkman, wife and son, Urban Jr. live in El Paso. Mrs. Kirkman and two children came from Denton County in the fall of 1899. Mrs. Kirkman, her brother, J. R. Gober, and his wife ate the first dinner

served in the Amarillo Hotel which H. B. Sanborn had built in the spring of 1889. They also attended the ball given that night in the Hotel Dinning Room.

G. W. Gober and wife came from Denton County in 1888. Their son, James, came in 1887 and worked on the Frying Pan Ranch. Mrs. A. W. Tolbert, daughter of G. W. Gober, came to Amarillo from Denton County in the winter of 1889. Their children were Beulah, now Mrs. F. H. Yokley of El Paso; Thomas, with Swift & Co. at El Paso. Born to them after coming to Amarillo were Annie Alice, now Mrs. H. K. Ward of Los Angeles; Arthur Gordon, now of Long Beach, California, and Ralph Gale Tolbert of El Paso.

Thomas and Arthur Gober, sons of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gober came to Amarillo from Colorado in 1890.

T. B. (Thomas Beautiful) Hinkle, as he was familiarly called by those who knew him best, owned one of the first lumber yards in Amarillo.

Bob Smith married Miss Currie, sister to our citizens, Tom and Jinks Curry.

Jack Floyd was one of the pioneer restaurant men. George (Pigeon) Ely; Dave Tudor and family. Mr. Tudor had charge of our first pumping plant; he was assisted by A. W. Tolbert.

Ed. Sturdivant was the first County Clerk of Potter County.

Jack Bain was the first County Treasurer. Lee Green came in _____: Blue Graves in _____.

J. M. Russell and family came to Amarillo from _____ in _____: their children: Horace, (of Russell & Cockrell), Bernice. Marion and Cora.

J. R. Conrad, wife and son, Archie.

H. B. Sanborn, promoter and builder of New Amarillo on the Glidden and Sanborn section.

Col. Berry and Caleb (Clabe) Merchant were the owners of the Old Town section.

H. R. Morrow was the first agent for the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad in Amarillo. H. H. Brooks and family, children, Cora, Mary and Harry. Mr. Brooks edited the first paper in the old town and the new town. He was located in the Old Town and when the town began to move and build on the hill, a mile east, Mr. Sanborn made a contract with him to print a paper in the new town. Mr. Brooks was loyal to the old town and hated to move his printing shop. He kept on printing his paper in the old town, but once a week he would put his press on wheels and move it to the new town site, print his paper, according to contract, then move his printing shop back to old town. When he built his new home, he constructed it half way between the old and new towns. The first paper was called the Amarillo Champion. Mr. Brooks named Amarillo the "Queen City of the Plains." A very fitting name, as she has since become the jobbing center of the Panhandle and Plains; and now might be called the "Queen City of the World". The center of the largest gas field in the world, and with an unsurpassed farming country around her. Geographically located in her magnificent isolation from other cities, to make the leading city of the Southwest.

Colonel Berry and Clabe Merchant had the Old Town surveyed by John Willis and Mr. Williams in 1887.

Dennis Yokum, father of Mrs. Jennie Harrell, killed buffalo on the Staked Plains in 1873-84.

As late as 1889 there were herds of wild antelope and turkeys and prairie chicken on the Plains. In the fall of 1889, G. W. Gober and some neighbors then living in Old Town went in a covered wagon on a hunting expedition into New Mexico as far south as Roswell. There were no railroads south of Amarillo at that time. They returned with enough deer, prairie chicken, turkeys and antelope to supply their families and the neighbors for some time.

MONDAY MORNING

Plainswoman Pioneers as City's First Photo Model

By VIRGINIA ROGERS

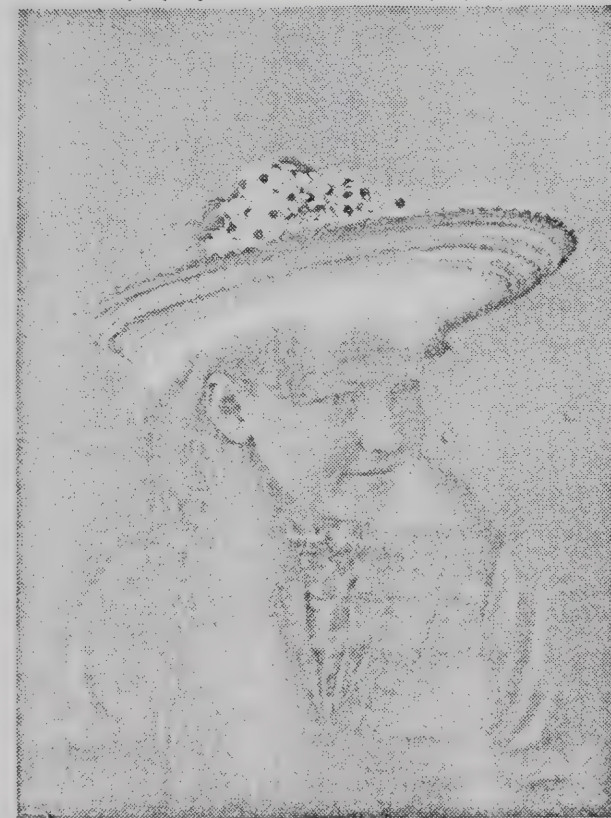
Daily News Correspondent

MEMPHIS, June 26 — A recent report listed the population of Amarillo as 118,000 but "Tude" Harrell, now Mrs. Oren Jones of Memphis, can remember when there were only six families living in "Old Town" Amarillo. That was in 1888.

By 1889, a "picture-taker" as well as an undertaker had come to live among the early settlers and ply their trades. One spring day, Tude Harrell aged 9, dressed in a new dress and straw hat, with her brown hair in two neat braids, was sent to town for a spool of thread. As she passed "the photograph gallery," the photographer asked her to let him take her picture. After some lady-like hesitancy, Tude consented to pose, with her unbraided hair falling loose about her shoulders. So, by chance, this small daughter of an Amarillo pioneer became the first photographer's model in that Panhandle-Plains village.

Prairie schooners had brought five other families out to this part of "the staked plains" the year before Bill Harrell arrived with his family in the fall of 1888. Mr. Harrell, his wife Jenny, his two sons Jim and Will, and daughter Tude journeyed by covered wagon from the old 22 Ranch south of Crosbyton to join the five families already in Amarillo.

"Old Town" Amarillo, as the first few dwellings and cluster of wooden stores was called, was located between what is now the downtown business section and San Jacinto Heights. The Remberts, Tobloskeys, Lowmillers and Harrells were among the first families. They came and stayed to ride out the sandstorms, rear their children.



TUDE HARRELL was 7 when their wagon pulled into Amarillo. By today's standards, she would have been a real tomboy. Riding her white Indian pony, Kid, she often left home early in the morning and spent the day visiting her favorite haunts, going wherever fancy took her. There was only one string on her wanderings. If she weren't in before dark, she couldn't leave home for a whole month. The rules were tough but she tried to abide by them and, by sundown, she and old Kid were headed home.

She loved to visit the Chinese laundry and see the old Chinaman. The liche nuts and candy from

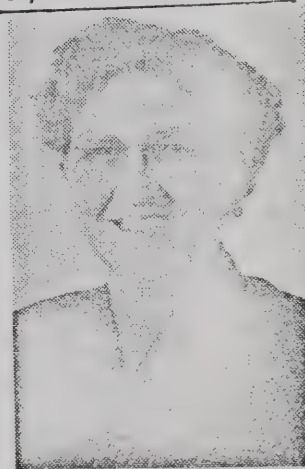
China were much to her liking too. If she weren't at the laundry, Tude might be found at the Wagon Yard, hobnobbing with Ed Trigg, or at The Ranger Camp watching the boys play poker. And Jack Floyd's restaurant was among her favorite stops. Everyone knew and loved little Tude Harrell and never a hand was raised to molest her as she went her daily rounds.

The Fort Worth & Denver Railroad made its first passenger run to Amarillo in April 1887, and it was excursion trips sponsored by the railroad companies and realtors that helped to interest people in coming to settle and develop the Panhandle.

MORE FOLKS were coming in all the time and more business establishments were being set up to take care of the needs of body and soul. Lawyers, preachers, lumbermen, saloon-keepers, and a newspaper man named Brooks — who even then dubbed Amarillo "Queen City Of The Plains" — were among the steady stream of newcomers. Potter County was surveyed and

—Personal Photos

Mrs. Oren Jones of Memphis was just 9 years old when she posed for this "little Girl" picture taken by the first photographer to ply his trade in Amarillo. The "good old days" in old Amarillo had their charm, says Mrs. Jones.



Amarillo was designated as the county seat. Judge Plemmons was the first county judge, Jim Gober the first sheriff, and a courthouse costing \$33,000 was completed early in 1889.

However, the new courthouse was hardly finished when the houses in Old Town were put on wheels and moved to a new location. It was later torn down and another one built on the corner of Fifth and Taylor streets. Holland & Wills, realtors, put up the first two-story building in New Town and the 'old' Amarillo Hotel (built by Mr. Sanburn) was the second building after the move.

Though still a small town Amarillo was already one of the largest cattle shipping points in the world. The hub of a vast plains ranching

(Continued on Page 8)

Plainswoman Photo Model

(Continued From Page 4)

area, Amarillo was surrounded by hundreds of miles of fertile prairie country. In this cattlemen's paradise, cattle were grazed, fattened, and driven from the range to the railroad for transportation to market in Dodge City, Kansas City, or Chicago, wherever they would bring the most money.

TUDE HARRELL (now Mrs. Oren Jones of Memphis) recalls that cattlemen of those days rode hard and spent freely. Many an early-day cattleman has been known to spend much of the profit from a trainload of cattle on "glitter from the city,"—diamonds for his wife and daughters—with maybe a stick-pin for himself to boot.

Starting to school hampered Tude's wanderings but she continued to do a few things she wanted to, like riding to school with the McBride boys. They lived a mile out of town and passed right by her house in their wagon, going to school. Girls were forbidden to ride with the boys, but she rode, despite the consequences of memorizing 20 words from the Blue Back speller. In fact she usually memorized her words the night before.

School days passed, and Tude Harrell enjoyed to the fullest the social whirl of early-day Amarillo. There were all-night dances at the ranches, with "the kids" bedded down on pallets in every room and a midnight supper for the dancers. In town, church socials and pie suppers were in high favor as entertainment. Tude often spent a week or two at a time with the Lee girls, Alice and Florence, at the LX Ranch and they visited her in town.

GOOD LOOKING cowboys and town dudes were plentiful and eager to escort the young ladies. Tude's beaux came early and left early. Ten o'clock was the deadline for a date at home. When the J.U.G. (Just Us Girls) club was organized, Tude was a charter member and she at-

tended their 50th anniversary celebration a few years ago.

The 'old days' weren't all good. Maybe you couldn't go as far in a day then as you can now but you had more time for enjoying the countryside. In the heart of Tude Harrell, there's a tender spot for the good old days in Amarillo. Though she left Amarillo in 1900 and never lived there afterward for any length of time, it was always home to her. In 1904 she married Jim Browder, a Hall County rancher, and her first daughter, Virginia, was born in Amarillo.

POTTER COUNTY MARRIAGE RECORDS 1889

FIRST YEAR

4

STATE OF TEXAS
POTTER COUNTY MARRIAGE RECORDS

Book No. 1 - Page one

Mr. Charles Eyler and Miss Orah Brewer, at office in Amarillo,
11 day of December, 1888.

E. L. Sturdivant,

City Clerk

I, W. B. Plemons, hereby certify that on the 12 day of December,
A. D. 1888 I united in marriage Charles E. Eyler and Orah Brewer.

Witnessed by my hand this 12th day of December, 1888.

W. B. Plemons, County Judge

Returned and filed this 17 December, 1888

E. L. Sturdivant,

Clerk

Book 1. Page 2

Mr. G. B. Lain and Miss Fannie Vick, Amarillo, 27th day of April, 1889

E. L. Sturdivant, Co. Clerk Potter County.

I, J. R. St. John, hereby certify that on the 28th day of April, 1889,
I united in marriage G. B. Layne and Miss Fannie Vick.

Witness my hand this 29th day of April, 1889.

J. R. St. John, Minister.

Returned and filed for record this 30th day of April, 1889.

E. L. Sturdivant, County Clerk

STATE OF TEXAS

Potter County marriage records.

Book 1. Page 2.

Lee Green and Miss Maydeline Mc Gee, June 10, 1889. Isaac L. Mills,
Minister.

Returned and filed 10 day of June, 1889.

E. L. Sturdivant,
County Clerk.

Book 1. Page 3. Frank Gault and Miss Cora J. Munger, Amarillo, 3rd
June 1889.

E. L. Sturdivant,
County Clerk.

I, W. M. Andrews, on the 8th of June 1889, united in marriage Frank
N. Gault and Miss Cora Menger, 8th of June 1889.

W. M. Andrews
Justice of peace, Potter Co.

Returned and filed 14th day June 1889.

E. L. Sturdivant, Co. Clerk.

Book 1. Page 3.

Frank Bowman and Minn Carmack, 20th day of May 1889. Marriage license.

E. L. Sturdivant, Clerk.

I, Isaac L. Mills, minister, on the 12th day of May 1889 united in
marriage Frank Bowman and Miss Minn Carmack. 20th day of May 1889.

E. L. Sturdivant, County Clerk.

Returned and filed 13 day of May 1889.

Sturdivant, Clerk.

POTTER COUNTY TEXAS MARRIAGE RECORDS

Book 1. Page 4.

A. M. Rosser and Miss L. A. Coyd, Amarillo, Texas 28 Sept. 1889.

E. L. Sturdivant, Co.Clerk.

I, W.B. Plemons, District Judge, certify that on the 28th of August 1889, I united in marriage A. M. Rosser and Miss L. A. Coyd, on the 28th of August 1889.

W. B. Plemons,
Judicial
Judge of 47/District.

Returned and filed 31st of Sept. 1889.

E. L. Sturdivant,
Clerk.
~~xxxxxxxJudge~~

Book 1. Page 4.

Thomas E. Fitchinger and Miss Jennie Dean, 11 day of October 1889.

E.L. Sturdivant, County Clerk.

I, J.C. Peterson, son the 14 day of Oct. 1889, united in marriage

Thos. E. Fitchinger and Miss Jennie Dean, 20th of Oct. 1889.

J.C. Peterson, minister.

Returned and filed 14 of Oct. 1889.

E. L. Sturdivant, Clerk.

This is all of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ marriage records, except four--that were filed in Potter County up to this time--1889. I failed to find time to copy the remaining four.

Minnie Tims Harper.

Chairman of Genealogical Records--Historical Research.

STATE OF TEXAS
POTTER COUNTY MARRIAGE RECORDS

Book No. 1- Page one.

Mr. Charles Eyler and Miss Orah Brewer, at office in Amarillo,
11, day of ~~May~~ December 1888.

E. L. Sturdivant,

City Clerk.

I, W.B. Plemons, hereby certify that on the 12 day of ~~M~~ December A.D
1888 I united in marriage Charles E. Eyler and Orah Brewer.

Witnessed by my hand this 12th day of Dec. 1888.

W. B. Plemons, County Judge,

Returned and filed this 17 Dec. 1888.

E. L. Sturdivant,

Clerk.

Book 1. Page 2.

Mr. G. B. Lain and Miss Fannie Vick. Amarillo, 27th day of April 1889

E. L. Sturdivant, Co. Clerk Potter County.

I J.R. St. John, hereby certify that on the 28th day of April 1889,

I united in marriage G.B. Layne and Miss Fannie Cick.

Witness my hand this 29th day of April 1889.

J. R. St John, minister.

Returned and filed for record this 30th day of April, 1889.

E. L. Sturdivant, County Clerk.

H E. SIDERS.

11

Big Creek, Calif,
May 19th, 1938.

Dear Mrs Harper-Daddy Too:

Thanks for your bully letter of the 15th instant, containing answers to former questions asked in my former letters, all very interesting, and to cap off the joy of hearing again, from you, I find the CANYON NEWS, for which I heartily thank you for mailing to me, as it contains many many things of great interest, and dozens of names of places of great interest to me, particularly names of Cow boys that worked under me on the Old T Anchor.

Naming a few of them. Isaih. Jenkins, Sam. Wise, Jim Patton, Ed, Baird, Sam Heiser, Sam Issacs, and many more, too numerous to mention; also some names of people I knew as Canyon farmers and business men-For instance, Link. Connor and Bro, Link the Daddy of the town, Heller the persistent settler, who wasnt welcome to the cattle men, and Hammond the black-smith-Village Smithey, I shoul say, together with many more. And too, there was Henry, Lester, the first Banker and cattleman. Wish I could have helped write up a lot of these articles, and couldnt I have added a lot of interesting stuff and happenings, as well as names of those pioneers of Randall County, and By Gosh couldnt you and I on putting our writing heads up against each other, write em another and heap better story. Durn it, why did I have to go old and decrepit, loaded down with ill health, just when we've found out WE could write stuff that would interest? Oh well, maybe Ile come out of the durned dumps this summer, and if I do, just depend on it, the Judge will look you up.

No.2.

Of course, having only reced the News Paper today, havnt had time to go thoroughly over it, but as soon as I finish this epistle, Ile read her all over, and will, in next letter comment further on its disclosures. 12

So far as I have read, and while expecting to find an article written by you, but perhaps I will find that, if is one by you in this paper, as have as yet only glanced over the Paper. I shall make a hunt for it just as soon as wind up this letter. Note the double writing above, it will prove to you that Im going hay-were and forgetful, proving that I know my weakness, forgetfullness as well as deafness, all of which is coming on me with my nearly 78 years of so-journing in this world, with to me, many joys, more sorrow and a few happier instances. Yes, my surroundings here, tho not altogather pleasant, are not so bad, for one at my age, and while there is no wife, none wished, for the last some 20 years, I am quite well cared for by my Land-lady, a nice little old German woman who sees that I have the right kind of diet, a clean rather pleasant room, and my hotel while not elabotate, is very good for a little mountain town. I have just enough County salary to pave my way as to hotel bills, and a trip ocasionaly to visit Mildred and Van, two mighty good little people when it comes to loving Dad. Might add too that I go to the Citys ocasional^y for a few days stay, seeing the Big Bridges etc, with of course an ocasional show; Too my office work is not hard, just barely enough business to keep me partly entertained.

Yes, I think I remember Daddys friend, a Mr. Kenyon, and if Im remembering correctly, his father-in-law, I forget the name, was Post Master at Amarillo, being the first for the town, way back yander in the 80ies, or maybe early 90ties.

Thanks, when I get to feeling a little better, I will make an attempt to write up my little cow pony story, but fear that may be some time away, as I find, and as you said in your last letter, writing is hard work. I find that out in writing long letters to you and the Hopkins's. However I like writing, and if I can just come out of this slump, on me for so long, I'll get busy and you and the Judge will do some genuine old tall writing, By Golly? So glad you found Margie. She was always one of my best little pets. Do, if you have some pictures made of olden Amarillo times, and myself and the first Mistress, send me a sample, for I'm anxious to again see what you call a Regular Bo Brumel or whatever you call it. See however if you can't find something more human looking than Handle Bar Mustache thing you formerly sent me.

Sounds Bully and I hope you make the grade with the Sat Post, Good Housekeeping, and I was glad to know that you had done so well with your Barbecue article. Forty dollars always comes in handy don't it, Do, please mail me a copy of it.

A letter yesterday from Dick Grimes at Santa Ana, Cal, in which he tells me that the Mr. Strong who used, with his wife be Care takers on Jim, Campbells ranch. He speaks of him as quite an old man. I do not remember much of him. His wife died years ago. Dick you know was bothered by a Stroke some two years ago-been practically helpless up to short time ago. Is recovering now, slowly. Guess I told you I had visited them during Holidays. Kitty hasn't changed a bit. Toots lives near them and has a nice wife and a boy, some ten years old. So Daddy, it was Old Mack you were showing off with, in that picture, I'd a swore it was Dewey. Gosh wouldn't it be some grand to call back those days and Stine and Mack and

Dewey and Nigger, and all the dear old friends of that day. You Daddy are better off than I, it would seem, for you have the first wife left, the only one, I lost mine, and the dearest one to me, of all in this old world, even to very yet.

I have a letter occasionally from Mrs Stevey, who keeps me pretty well up on Ashland happenings. Stevey in his old office and just the same, she says. Chester living at home with them, and as I take it from her letters, not much account.

Ma, I would certainly love to meet up with you, Daddy and the Chaps. Im betting you have a pretty nice bunch-all but Daddy. My best love to all of em, Daddy too, and I was just a wondering what the Old Fellow smokes, as you said in last letter that he smoked and rocked. I still chew just a little, smoke a package of cigs per week, and seldom, for the past many years drank much, not averaging a drink of booze a month-Dam Old Heart wouldnt stand it the Dock says. This Territory be in a Forest Reserve, allowed no booze in its confines during Prohibition, or rather it was unlawful to handle it and is yet. Thats the how and why my office was created, to fine the booze merchant.

Dear Mrs Wetzel, and wouldnt I love to meet her, and wasnt she just the prettiest little woman in that country in the early days and what a fine huband, that of hers. They came to that country-that is to Tascosa way back around 1884, going on a ranch, and from there to the Skillett ranch which is, or was located immediately West of Amarillo, and from there to Amarillo which was just springing up about 1889. She would be able to give a writer much good stuff of those days. She must be pretty old, or about my age? Wonder if she'd tell you?

Guess Ive said about all I know and perhaps some more, and had better bring this epistle to a close, besides as we've
OVER

LAST

both admitted that writing is hard tiresome work, and I know it better now than ever before for my poor old back shure do hurt.

Of course I am wishing and hoping that this finds you all well, and you getting along fine with your writings. Course too, Im hoping to hear from you soon again. And maybeso Ide better, to wind this letter up about right, speak some on our Calif weather, which despite its record as a fine place to winter in, has just been hell-o all winter, with rain, snow, winds and every thing else disagreeable, and the hateful thing still keeping it up, with all kinds of Devil weather and is keeping on way up here until say May 20th- Never before such a thing heard of, and with all my other troubles, rheumatism, or what is these days calle^d Arthritis, or something is giving me, for a week particular the Dickens. But enough of my troubles.

Again with love and Goodest wishes.
to ALL.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Frank", with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.



H. E. Siders, 2nd County Treasurer of Potter County. Married the daughter of Frank Ong, founder of Ong Addition. Mr Siders was at the time of his marriage Manager of the T. Anchor Ranch. Later they adopted a daughter, but years later were divorced, when he married a Kansas girl. Three years later she died a tragic death. He went to California and died there and is buried in Las Angeles.



AMARILLO WOMAN TRACES FAMILY GENEALOGY
TO 1778; FINDS IT AN INTERESTING HOBBY

And Joshua begat Preston; and Preston begat Brock; and Brock begat William Preston . . .

So might the history of the Hopkins family read. Traced from Revolutionary times by Mrs. William P. Hopkins, 1620 Monroe Street, the panorama of American history unrolls with the genealogy.

There is the grandfather who was in the siege of Yorktown; another who became High Sheriff in Virginia; a later one who rode with Shelby's Brigade during the War Between the States; and the one who went with the expedition to Florida.

Genealogy is a hobby with Mrs. Hopkins. Riding that hobby has brought her a complete genealogical record of her family and the record of Mr. Hopkins.

Oddly, back in Revolutionary times there was a Hopkins in her family also, a Mary Hopkins who married into the Poage family, which is Mrs. Hopkins' family name.

The story starts with Robert Poage, who in 1728 came to the Colonies with his wife, Elizabeth Preston, from Ireland. His son, John, also born in Ireland, pioneered in Virginia in 1738 and on October 1, 1776, he signed as one of the deputies of the several companies of militia and freeholders of Augusta County the petition and demand for religious freedom and equal liberty. After serving during the Revolutionary War he became high sheriff of Augusta County in 1778.

Some 30 years later John Hopkins migrated also from Ireland. He came with two brothers, William and Archibald, or Ercebald, landing at Albany, N. Y. They came from Londonderry.

Tradition says he served under General Washington and was in the siege of Yorktown. Later he represented his country from

Rockingham, Va. His enlistment papers say on February 21, 1778, he enlisted for three years as a private in Captain David Stephenson's Company, 8th, Virginia.

Along in '82 of the Eighteenth Century his daughter, Mary Hopkins married Robert Poage, grandson of the first Robert Poage, and their grandson, Frederick William Poage, took part in another American conflict - the War Between the States. By that time the family had migrated to Arkansas, and William Frederick served with General Shelby.

He was the father of Mrs. Hopkins, also born in Bentonville, Ark.

But there are other interesting lines - the Breedings who were for the most part ministers throughout the two centuries; the McCormicks, a branch of the family who became known as inventors of farm machinery; the Nunns; the Pattersons; the Alexanders.

The Hopkins line, too, covered those lively centuries. There was Joshua Hopkins, and Preston, and Preston Brock, and then William Preston Hopkins, who came to Amarillo thirty years ago and has a flourishing dairy business here today.

Copied from a newspaper clipping
from the Amarillo Sunday News &
Globe, dated Sept. 25, 1938

Mrs. W. P. Hopkins lives today 1620 Monroe, October 28, 1954.

REPORT

made by

MRS. B. F. HARPER, Historian

for the

LLANO ESTACADO CHAPTER
D.A. R.*when*

(I sent the chart of Mrs. E. H. Shaufler, who is to be a member of our Chapter, to Mrs. Findley at Dallas, and she will send it on to Washington.)

The Chart was that of the Ralston Family. It had its beginning in England in 1154 to 1485. The genealogy tablet begins in 1332, then 1377, and on down to her present line.

Her ancestor came to America prior to the Revolution, and was on General Washington's staff.

We have as a prospective member Mrs. McKinley Dean Gregory. Mrs. Gregory has a published history, as well as many interesting Bible records, of the Cotton family; also Fabyan, Seaver and Cleaves. She has the picture of a lovely monument of George Cleaves, which her aunt had just sent her, but she was not sure of where it is. Mrs. Gregory was Helen Carson McGee.

Her grandmother was Sophronia Seaver Cotton; her great-great-grandmother Joanna Parmenter, born 1744.

see Page 2 over

MARRIAGES

Mary Frances Cotton)	
&)	
Rufus Dodge)	
Lizzie Ida Moore)	
&)	
Stanford Baily)	
Harry Baxter Fabyan)	
&)	Oct. 20, 1897
Blanche Clarke Hines)	
Helen Louise Fabyan)	
&)	Dec. 18, 1899
John Carson McGee)	
Florence Fabyan)	
&)	June 12, 1901
Richmond Fletcher Bingham)	
Faye Kinsey)	
&)	
Harry Ransom Fabyan)	
Helen Carson McGee)	
&)	Aug. 4, 1928
McKinley Dean Gregory)	
Helen Fabyan Bingham)	
&)	Nov. 29, 1936
Samuel Kitsasser)	

CONFEDERATE VETERANS BURIED IN LLANO SEMETERY

1951

Section J

Adkisson, Rev. P. N. Lot 186
Vineyard, Geo. S. Blk. 89 Lot 20

Section One

Airhart, H. H. Lot 36 blk. 78
Jones, A. M. 100 78
East, W. B. 116 78
Derden, Dave 207 78

Russell, A. 16 79

Section Three

Tucker, W. B. Lot 40 Blk 3
Rockwell, J. H. Lot 5 Blk. K4
Cartwright, J. W. 19 14

~~Section Five~~

~~Hewren, A. S. Lot 18, Blk. 9~~

Section Five

Hewren, A. S. Lot 18, Blk. 9

Section Seven

Yarbrough, E. Lot 11, Blk. 21
McCarty, C. P. Lot 2 Blk. 22
Warren, W. M. Lot 19 Blk. 22
Fincher, J. W. Lot 19 Blk. 27
Park, M. S. 21 27
Morris, Dave E. Lot 2 Blk. 28
McGowan, W. F. 25 28
Pate, Wm. H. 33 28
Flores, J. P. 41 28
Wheatly, J. R. 42 28
Kersey, Jeff 46 28

Section Twelve

Boyles, W. M. Lot 23 Blk. 33

Daniels, J. F. Lot 28 Blk. 64

Section Fourteen

Bated, T. A. 29 Blk. 37
Baker, J. R. 8 Blk. 37
Hand, Jasper 44 43

Taylor, Jos. F. 8 42
Miller Will A. 6 42
Caldwell, J. L. 17 42
Cobel, C. P. 30 42

Section F-2

Carder, Jas. F. Lot 23
Deason, Daniel M. Lot 14
Watts, R. P. Lot 10

Section Two

Patton, W. J. Lot 26 Blk I

Section Four

Scott, E. P. Lot 9 Blk 5
Whitcomb, Geo. F. Lot 23 " 5
Humphrey, David E. Lot 18 " 11
Brown, Sam J. Lot 18 " 12

Section Six

Atkins, Wm. Lot 22 Blk. 23
Baggett, Hiram W. Lot 27 Blk. 23
Young, J. A. Lot 32 Blk. 23
Thomas J? Carson Lot 42 Blk. 23

Bishop Stephen Lot 54 Blk. 25

Floyd, J. F. Lot 9 Blk. 26
C. A. Timmons Lot 35 Blk. 26
Cone, W. C. Lot 24 Blk. 26

Section Eight

McDowell, H. H. Lot 40 Blk. 1219

Boyce, Albert G. Lot 9 Blk. 20
Tulloss, S. C. Lot 40 Blk. 20
Howren, A. S. 18 Blk. 29
McNew, W. B. 35 Blk. 30

Section Nine

Harmon, Geo. H. Lot 22 Blk. 17
Wren, Richard D. 32 17

Lockett, Dr. W. A. 3 18

Lee, Garnett 27 31
Garner, F. M. 28 31
Johnson, R. M. 38 31

Section Thirteen

Rumans, T. R. Lot 24 Blk. 45

Section Fifteen

Brittain, D. I. Lot 23 Blk. 38
Thomas, W. J. Lot 34 38
Plemons, W. B. Lot 5 39
Tanner, J. P. 6 41
Walker, J. T. 10 41
Kidd, W. W. 17 41

Confederates cont. Llano Cemetery

2.

Section Sixteen

Barnett, A. J. Lot 18 Blk. 52
Millwe, W. E. Lot 6 Blk. 52

Clark, C. W. Lot I Blk. 53

Sowder, J. H. Lot 5I Blk. 55

*Getter
Ridings*

Block Fifty Seven
Evans, W. F. Lot 7

~~Section~~

Block Fifty one
Griffin, J. R. Lot 26
Coubtney, J. P. Lot 4

Block Sixty
Besing, Henry R. Lot 67

Park
MEMORIAL CEMETERY

D. M. Deason

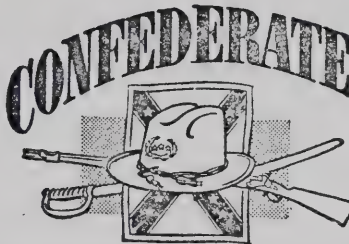
W. W. Prescott

C. W. Saunders

J. L. Blake

Kobler

1957680



PETITION OF

Grace B. Haynes
(Mrs Alson Asa Meredith)
Address 1610 Jackson (Street)
Amarillo, Texas

Date application accepted by Chapter:

August 28, 1935

Mrs H G Baucom

President.

Mrs L W Patton

Recording Secretary.

Date Entered on Roll Book of the State:

DEC 20 1935

Mrs J D Harvey

Registrar Texas Division

Registered MAR 12 1936

(Mrs Norris) Winifred Harris

Registrar-General, U.D.C.

The Confederate Soldier through whom I claim membership, and whom I state adhered to the cause of the Confederate States of America as a Patriot was my Grand Uncle whose name was Milton A (unknown) Haynes of Tenn.

Maiden Name Grace B. Haynes

Married Name Mrs Alson Asa Meredith

Address 1610 Jackson St

Amarillo, Texas

(Sgd) Mrs H G Baucom, Pres

(Sgd) Mrs L W Patton

(Sgd) Mrs Nettie McKinney

Credentials Committee

FILL IN LINEAGE UP TO AND INCLUDING CONFEDERATE
ANCESTOR OR RELATIVE ONLY

I, Grace Haynes Meredith was born on the 5th day of August 1895, Town Studley, County Sheridan, State Kansas, Country U.S.A.

I claim eligibility as stated below from Milton A. Haynes My Confederate Relative who belonged to Company Tenn Artillery Corps.

1. I am the daughter of

Mo.

Wilson Albenios Haynes born 8- 4 in 1873 died 8- 1 in 1913 Ft Worth, Texas
and his wife Flag Springs Mo.

Mary L Haynes born 1-28 in 1866 died 1-27 in 1935 Ft Worth, Texas
(Mary Louisa Meek-Haynes)

married 7-28 in 1889 Missouri.

2. My father was the son of

Kentucky

Silas Wilson Haynes born 2- 8 in 1836 died St James Mo. in 1904
and his wife

Louisa Ellen Haynes

Can't find maiden married Apr 12, 1864-before April 20-(date found in an
name or more record of old letter)

birth, marriage, death.

Milton A Haynes.

3. The said Silas Wilson Haynes was the brother of

WAR DEPARTMENT

The Adjutant General's Office

Washington

August 20, 1935

The records show that one Milton A. Haynes was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Tennessee Artillery Corps, May 17, 1861, by the Governor of the State.

The Corps subsequently was transferred to the Confederate States and the officer is shown to have been in service as late as February 24, 1865 when at Wytheville, Virginia he addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, Confederate States stating that he was awaiting orders, and signing the same as Lieutenant Colonel, Tennessee Artillery, Provisional Army Confederate States.

No later record found.

It appears that he had previous service as a Commissioned officer of the U.S. Army and later in a Tennessee unit during the Mexican War.

(signed) E. T. Conley

Brigadier General,

Acting The Adjutant General.

By H L T

Historical Proof:

WAR DEPARTMENT RECORD
ON FILE IN DEPARTMENT OF
REFERENCE, U. D. C.

My name is W. M. Warren. At the beginning of the war, my home was at Mount Pleasant, Tennessee.

"RECORD OF THE BATTLES I WAS IN DURING THE WAR."

I volunteered in Mount Pleasant, Tenn., in May, 1861, and from there we went to Camp Cheetam in Sumner County, Tennessee. There organized the 3rd Tenn. Infantry. John C. Brown was elected Colonel. The Company was lettered "C".

After drilling there several months, we went to Camp Trousdale, on the line of Kentucky and Tennessee. From there, we invaded Kentucky and took possession of Bowling Green. Here we brigaded with the 14th Mississippi and 2nd Kentucky and 3rd Tennessee, making Buckner's Brigade.

After remaining at Bowling Green and fortifying the place, we were ordered to Ft. Donelson. After remaining there a week, Gen. Grant moved his army up and surrounded the place. We were moved from our position on the right of our left and attacked Grant's army on his right and drove them back three miles.

We were then double-quick back to our extreme right, the Federals coming in on our breast-works. We had a hand to hand fight there, the Federals holding about three hundred yards of them. Next morning Ft. Donelson was surrendered to Gen. Grant by Gen. Buckner. I was taken a prisoner to Camp Douglass, which is in the suburbs of Chicago. After remaining a prisoner until June, I made my escape, after two unsuccessful attempts. I got on the train and went within thirty miles of home.

I remained at home (which was within the Federal lines) a few days. One of Forest's scouts came through there and I went with him and three others and joined Forest, not far from McMenville.

Forest started for Murfreesboro, Tennessee, which was thirty miles away. He attacked the place Sunday morning at day-break, and captured it with a loss of only one man. A regiment of Federal Infantry camped out two miles from Murfreesboro, they were captured after a stubborn resistance.

I was with Forest at the battles of Lavern and Franklin; this was in 1862, while Bragg was in Kentucky. In November I went back to the 3rd Tennessee.

It had been exchanged and reorganized in Jackson, Mississippi. I went back with fifteen recruits. After remaining there a short time, we were ordered to Vicksburg and then to Chicashaw Bayou above Vicksburg, on the Yazoo River.

The next day we fought the battle of Chicashaw Bayou. Sherman and Blair were trying to take Vicksburg from the rear. There I captured the first flag that was captured in western army from the 29th Missouri Federal, cut Sherman's army all to pieces and drove them back to the gun boats. This battle was fought December 28, 1862. After remaining at Chicashaw Bayou a few days, we were ordered to Fort Hudson, La. Sherman was relieved from duty on account of his failure, but was afterwards reinstated by Grant.

We took a boat and landed at Port Hudson and went into Camp. The next day Farragut's fleets were in sight of Port Hudson. We hurriedly fortified that place, they shelling us at intervals every day. About six weeks after we landed, Farragut moved up with his fleet and Banks with his army on the west side, leaving a scout on the east side, and camped in full view of Port Hudson, although they were out of range of our guns.

That night a detail was ordered across the river in skiffs and cut the levee. Gen. Banks had to move out as the river was very high.

The next night Farragut with his entire fleet, attacked the Fort. We had eighty guns in position. They had five sea-going vessels, four gun boats and three motor boats. Farragut succeeded in passing with two of his vessels.

The vessel "Mississippi" was destroyed by our hot shot battery.

When Gen. Grant began his movement on Vicksburg, we were ordered to march to Jackson, Mississippi, at Raymond, Mississippi, we met the right wing of Grant's army and had a desperate fight with them.

The 7th Texas and 3rd Tennessee lost nearly fifty percent of their men in one hour fighting.

We fell back from there to Jackson, Mississippi, and remained there several days skirmishing with Grant's army and had some heavy fighting. We maneuvered around Vicksburg under General Johnson. After the fall of Vicksburg,

we went back below Meridian and remained there in camp until we were ordered to reinforce Bragg at Chickamauga. We fought the battle of Chickamauga.

I was also in the battle of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. I have a sword that I captured at Missionary Ridge. From there, we fell back to Dalton, remained there all winter.

On Johnson's retreat through Atlanta, I was in the battles of Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennisaw Mt., and many skirmishes too numerous to mention, between Dalton and Atlanta and was in the battle fought in Atlanta. I was in the battle of Jonesboro, Georgia. We lost all of our field officers there and were cut to pieces so badly that we were consolidated with the 18th Tennessees.

I was with Hood when he made his raid into middle Tennessee. I was in the battle of Franklin.

After we moved up to Nashville, our brigade was ordered to support Forest at Murfreesboro. I was wounded and captured there, December 7th, 1864. I made my escape with Col. ^EGates of the 1st Missouri on March 5th, 1865. After many mishaps, I succeeded in getting South. I was in Tuscaloosa when it fell into the hands of the Federals. I lost my horse there, but succeeded in saving myself. I got with Forest and surrendered with him at Gainesville, Ala. All the soldiers with him except his command were ordered to Meridian, Miss., to be paroled.

After that I beat my way home, and like the rest of them, was ragged and lousy. Thus ended my service as a soldier.

(Signed) W. M. Warren

U. S. C. descendants =

Barrenger)
Mrs. Mary Ellen Clayton - Granddaughter of W. M. Warren.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Mrs. Fontella D. Lindsay--daughter of Capt. Walter M. Warren

Descendant of Moses Austin Dies at 87

ALPINE, Tex. (AP)—Mrs. Hally Ballinger Bryan Perry, 87, great-grandchild of Texas colonizer Moses Austin, died Monday.

Mrs. Perry was a descendant of one of Texas' pioneer families.

Mrs. Perry's paternal grandmother was the daughter of Moses Austin and sister of Moses' son, Stephen F. Austin.

• • •

Her maternal grandfather was William H. Jack, who fought in the Battle of San Jacinto, where Texas won independence from Mexico in 1836. Jack was a member of Congress in the Republic of Texas.

Mrs. Perry's father, Guy M. Bryan, was the 15-year-old lad who slipped out of the besieged Alamo with Travis' plea for reinforcement.

Mrs. Perry was co-organizer of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas in Houston Nov. 6, 1891. She was born Jan. 10, 1868.

She married Emmett Lee Perry in 1909. They lived in Freeport and Bay City before his death in 1929. Then she moved to Houston until 1948, when she moved here. She made her home in a hotel here.

• • •

One service was held yesterday afternoon in the First Presbyterian Church here. Another will be held in Houston at 10 a.m. tomorrow in the home of a sister-in-law, Mrs. Guy M. Bryan.

Interment will be at the state cemetery in Austin.

Survivors include three daughters, Mrs. Raymond Cook, Houston, Mrs. Frederick Thompson, New York City, and Mrs. T. S. Clements of Wharton, and a cousin, L. R. Bryan Jr., president of Houston's Second National Bank.

PETITION OF

Laura V. Hamner
Located at
Claude, Texas

Date of Admission April 7, 1922

Mrs. Wm. P. Hopkins
President
Mrs. Nettie McKinney
Recording Secretary

Entered on Roll Book of the
State 17th day of June 1922

Mrs M Jones
Registrar Texas Division

Registered JUN 19 1922

Fannie R Williams

Registrar General, U.D.C.

I was born in County Shelby, State Tennessee, Country U.S.A.
I am the daughter of James Henry Hamner, who belonged to Company D,
Forrest's Battalion Regiment.

Remarks:

Immediately after the organization of the battalion it was taken to Kentucky, going first to Hopkinsville, near which point several skirmishes with the enemy were held. In one of these the life of General Forrest was saved by a comrade named Johnson; the surgeon, Dr. Cowan, was wounded in this fight and later died. From Hopkinsville the battalion went to Fort Donaldson, where on the 16th of February the horse my father rode was killed under him and my father received a wound in the left leg at the same time. He was carried to the Clarksville hospital, later being taken to a private home where he remained for some time. The surgeons wished to amputate my father's limb and only his vigorously declaring that he would prefer death saved it. When he was able to travel, he crossed the Cumberland on a pass of a private citizen, though orders had been issued by the Federal Commander that any Confederate soldier found in citizen's clothing would be treated as a spy. He went to the home of his mother in Holly Springs, Miss. My father rejoined his command at Corinth ten days after the battle there; he was unable to walk and was paroled; he rejoined command at Columbia, Tenn., and, being on crutches, was assigned to duty in ordinance department of brigade; later he joined Company D, 10th Tenn Cavalry, remaining there until the 10th and 11th were consolidated. He was promoted to color-sergeant for an act which the commander considered heroic. My father with three others stood off a company of Federals near Tuscaloosa, Ala., until the wagon train of the Confederates could get under protection of the command.

My father wishes to correct a statement often made that Forrest was harsh with his men. Father says that he never heard Forrest use a cross word to a good soldier but he had no use for a "slacker." No commander ever looked more to the comfort of his men and he never asked a soldier to go where he would not lead. Gen. Forrest never lost but one battle, that at Selma, Alabama, just before the final surrender. Cox' Cross Roads, in West Tennessee, would probably be considered a "draw." He was never surprised and when he ordered his men to go into camp they knew that no enemy would arouse them from their slumbers.

Applicant sign given name Laura V. Hamner
Address Claude, Texas

Recommended by

J. W. Ozier

J. R. Airheart

Nettie McKinney

Mrs. H. G. Baucom

Patricia Babb

Committee.

PETITION OF

Mary Barrow
(Mrs. Roy McMillan)
Address 704 Jackson (Street)
Amarillo, Texas

Date application accepted by
Chapter:

Sept 20, 1929
(Sgd) Mrs C A Hitchcock
President.
(Sgd) Mrs H G Baucom
Recording Secretary.

Date Entered on Roll Book of
the State:

6/15 1930

(Sgd) Etta Lewis Mundt
Registrar Texas Division
Registered JUN 23 1930
Mrs Albert Sidney Porter
Registrar-General, U. D. C.

The Confederate Soldier through whom I claim membership, and whom I state adhered to the cause of the Confederate States of America as a Patriot was my great uncles whose names were A. S. and John Ogletree.

Maiden Name (Sgd) Mary Barrow

Married Name(Sgd) Mrs Roy McMillan

Address 1827 St Louis Ave

Ft Worth, Texas

Recommended by:

(Sgd) Mrs B M Hester

(Sgd) Leena D. Hitchcock
Committee.

FILL IN LINEAGE UP TO AND INCLUDING CONFEDERATE
ANCESTOR OR RELATIVE ONLY

I, Mary Barrow McMillan was born on the 15th day of August 1902, Town Midland, County Midland, State Texas, Country U.S.A. I claim eligibility as stated below from (Algenon) A. S. and John Ogletree, my Confederate Relatives, who belonged to Company; H Regiment De Bray; served entire war:

1. I am the daughter of

Sebastian D. Barrow born 12/12 in 1866 died 10/ 5 in 1903
and his wife

Mary Donalson Barrow born 8/24 in 1879
married 12/31 in 1894.

2. My mother was the daughter of

Benjamin Franklin Donalson born 7/30 in 1832 died 2/ in 1909
and his wife

Harriette Ogletree born 9/18 in 1842 died 2/ in 1913

3. The said Harriette Ogletree was the sister of

A. S. and John Ogletree.

Confederate Service:

My great uncles enlisted in the spring of 1861 at San Marcos, Texas and served all through the war. My great uncle W. L. Donalson was killed during the war. My Great Grandfather, Maj I B Donalson served through the war.

Records show that J. M. Ogletree, not found as John Ogletree, private Co. H 26 Texas Cav. (Debrays Regt. Davis Mtd Battn.) C.S.A. enlisted May 7, 1862, at Houston, Texas, for the period of the war. Company muster roll for Jan. & Feb. 1864 last roll on file shows him present, a Sergeant. No later record found. The record shows that A. S. Ogletree, private Co. H 26 Texas Cav. (DeBray's Regt. Davis Mtd Battn.) C.S.A. enlisted Feb. 5, 1862 at Galveston, Texas, for the period of the war. Company muster roll for Jan. & Feb. 1862, last roll on file, shows him absent on detached service as a Sergeant. No later record of him found.

C. H. Bridges

Major General

The Adjutant General

by M.C.

Historical Proof:

WAR DEPARTMENT RECORD
ON FILE IN DEPARTMENT OF
REFERENCE, U. D. C.

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APPLICATION OF

Virginia Nunn Scales

Located at Amarillo, Tex

Received 15th day of May 1914

I was born in the town of Simpsonville in the county Shelby and State of Kentucky. I am the niece of C A Hamlett who served in the Confederate Cavalry; who entered the service of the State of Kentucky in Oct A.D. 1862 in Co. C, Reg't 8th as Private. My present address is Amarillo, County of Potter, State of Texas.

RECORD OF SERVICES:

I hereby state I enlisted as a private soldier in Co. C 8th Ky Cavalry, Col. Roy S Clarke near Richmond, Ky on the Oct 1862; took part in the battle at Hartsville Landing Dec 7 -62; participated with our command (Gen John H Morgan) in the Christmas raid into Ky 1862. Also the Clarke raid into same state 1863. Was with the command during the raid into Indiana and Ohio July 63; was sent to military prison at Camp Morton, Ind; remained there 2 months; was transferred to the prison at Chicago, Ill (Camp Douglas) and endured many privations, hardships and much cruel treatment until liberated. Arrived at Simkins Landing Mar 2nd 1865 and was exchanged same day. Received a 30 day furlough at Richmond, Va during that month; saw no further active duty; was paroled at Farmville, Va in June 65 and arrived at my home in Henry Co Ky June 19th 1865.

(Sgd) Charles A Hamlet

Signed

(Sgd) Virginia Nunn Scales

Recommended by Confederate Veterans, or three members in good standing.

(Sgd) Will A Miller

(Sgd) Patricia Babb President.

(Sgd) Mrs E. T. Miller Secretary.

PETITION OF
(Mrs. Gertrude Cousins)

Entered on Roll Book of the
State 28th day of May 1928

(Sgd) Mrs E. Krueger
Registrar Texas Division

Registered JUN 23 1928
Salome D. Kolman
Registrar-General, U.D.C.

I was born; Town Lewisville, County Denton. I am the daughter of John Smith who belonged to Company E; 2nd Regiment Cavalry, State Tenn.

Remarks:

John Smith and two brothers Will and Ed and one Cousin Alex Smith entered the Confederate service at the same time in the first Company of cavalry raised in Hawkins County, Tenn. The Brothers and Cousin took part in the election of the first Officers elected by the Co first summer of 1861 a few weeks after the election in Tenn. June 8. Place Rogersville Captain of the Company. The company was in camp near Knoxville, engaged in Military drill. When the first battle of Manassas was fought July 21, 1861. When General Johnson surrendered to General Sherman North Carolina April 26, 1862. John Smith was a private in Co. E 2nd Tenn Regiment Hornes Division, Wheeler's Cavalry Corps all included in Johnson's surrender. If any more history is needed the address of the only surviving member of the Co. I know is Cap. Alexander Smith, 625 Anderson St., Bristol, Tenn. He is the Cousin referred to who entered the service with the Brothers.

Applicant sign given name

(Mrs. (sgd) Gertrude Cousins)

Original signature
on paper in
Chapter file.

Recommended by

Will A. Miller

Mrs Patricia Babb
Mrs E T Miller
Committee.

PETITION OF

Maggie Lucille Davis

Address: 711 West 16th (Street)

Amarillo, Texas

Mrs. Jno. Copp
President

Mrs. Nettie McKinney
Recording Secretary

Entered on Role Book of the State 1
day of January, 1925

Mrs. M. Jones
Registrar Texas Division
JAN 31, 1925
Registered Marion D Woodliff
Registrar-General, U.D.C.

I was born on the 24th day of May 1893, Town Deleon, County Comanche, State Texas, Country U.S.A. I am the Granddaughter of Asa Green Anderson who belonged to Company G, Regiment Seventh, State Texas, and he was severely wounded, paroled, or discharged on 26th of July 1864 at Atlanta, given discharge at Jackson, Mississippi, several months later.

Remarks:

A. G. Anderson, Private in Capt. W. L. Moody's Company in Col. John Gregg's Regiment Gen. Loyd Tilghman's Brigade of Infantry Texas Volunteers, commanded by Col. John Gregg called into Service of the Confederate States Oct. 2, 1861, Company G, 7th Regiment, Texas. During the Civil War A. G. was elected Lieutenant, then Adjutant and ranked as Captain. He saw his first service at Ft. Donelson in Feb. 1862. There he and his brother J. J. Anderson were captured and taken to Camp Douglas, Chicago. They were exchanged at Vicksburg in the fall of 1863. After exchange our subject went to Raymond and there was in engagement with his Regiment against Grant. There he was wounded, obtained a furlough, remained absent but a short time then joined his command at Dalton, Georgia, was in the remainder of the Atlanta campaign. Was severely wounded before Atlanta, July 26, 1864, on account of which he was compelled to quit the service. This wound was in the left shoulder and from which he lost five inches of the arm bone. For a time he was in Griffin, Georgia, then went to Jackson, Miss. Appeared before the Board and obtained his retired papers. Spent several months with relatives unable to return to Texas having to submit to another operation, when the balance of the arm bone was taken out to the elbow. He finally recovered and returned to Texas, 1866 in April. He was elected County Clerk of Freestone County, Texas and held that office until removal under reconstruction measures. When the Federal Authorities were displaced the office of County and District were consolidated under the new constitution and Asa Green Anderson was elected to the new office and held it for six years. Meantime he read law and was licensed to practice, after which he held various offices among them District Co. Attorney. County Judge four years then took up his law practice continuing with success until forced to retire because of ill health. He was a member of the Grand Lodge of I.O.O.F., a Prohibition Democrat, and for many years a steward of the M.E. Church, South. He was married May 11, 1868 to Fannie L. Noland, a daughter of H. H. Noland and Sarah Ann (Applewhite) Noland. He came to Fairfield, Texas, 1851. A. G. Anderson and wife had three children, Arthur Lee, Ina L., and William Davis. Asa Green Anderson and his twin brother Jess. G., were the seventh in birth of a family of eleven children, being born at Raymon, Hinds Co. Miss. March 20th, 1838. Educational advantages were limited but they received the best within reach. Their father James Anderson was a native of Kentucky, but spent most of his life in Mississippi, dying in Hinds Co. that state in 1849. He was a man of various accomplishments: Planter, carpenter, shoemaker, and possessing a good knowledge of medicine, a member of the Masonic Order. Asa's mother Elizabeth (Noland) Anderson, was the daughter of William Noland, a native of Miss., being married in Rankin Co. of that state. After the death of her husband she came to Texas with her children and settled at Fairfield, Freestone Co. There she died in 1855. As a boy Asa G. mastered the cabinet maker's trade and was ready to follow that as a pursuit when the war broke out, with results hereinbefore stated. Asa Green Anderson died April 20th, 1920.

Applicant sign given name (Sgd) Maggie Lucylle Anderson Davis

Recommended by:

Address: 711 W. 16th St., Amarillo, Texas

(Sgd) H R Airheart
Co. H Ord 9 Mo Regt.

(Sgd) H C Pittman
Co. E - 4th Ga Regt.

(Sgd) Mrs Wm P Hopkins
Committee Will A. Miller Chapter

APPLICATION OF

Entered on Roll Book of the
State 4 day of March 1915

(Sgd) Mabel A. Bass
State Registrar

I was born in the town of Weimar in the county of Colorado and State of Texas. I am the daughter of L. T. Wills who served in the Confederate Army; who entered the service of the State of Virginia on the 10th day of June A.D. 1861, in Co. K, Reg't 10th Va. Cavalry as a soldier. My present address is Amarillo, County of Potter, State of Texas.

(Sgd) Mrs. Walter Gallemore
(Mary Virginia Wills)

RECORD OF SERVICES:

Enlisted June 10, 1861 in Bedford Co. Va. as a soldier in T. C. Jordan's Co. and was assigned to Allen's Battalion heavy artillery on Jamestown Island. When the peninsula was evacuated in '62 was transferred to Co. K, Tenth Virginia cavalry, Chamblis' brigade, Gen. W. H. F. Lee's division commanded by Gen. J.E.B. Stuart. Was never excused from duty during entire war. Was on the five days and nights' raid around McClellan's army who was camped on the north side Potomac River in Maryland. Was with Gen. Stuart in every raid he made in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Was with him at Gettysburg. Had a hand to hand battle with the enemy on way to Gettysburg. Was in the battle at Brandy Station, at Fredericksburg and at Ream's Station. Was in the raid that went in the rear of Grant's army at Petersburg, Va near City Point. We captured twenty-six hundred and forty beeves and brought them safely back to Confederate Army. Took part in a hand to hand battle at Hagar town. Was in the seven days' battle of the wilderness. Counting battles and skirmishes, took part in a hundred and fifty or more, had two horses shot under me and was once slightly wounded myself. Served in the war from June 10, '61 until Gen. Lee surrendered.

Respectfully submitted,

Signed

(Sgd) L. T. Wills

Recommended by Confederate Veterans, or three members in good standing.

(Sgd) J W Holt
(Sgd) J C Kindred
(Sgd) W P Watson

(Sgd) Mildred Grier Fox President.
(Sgd) J N Rush Secretary.

N.B. - My father died Oct. 17, 1914, before this application was filled out. I make it out myself from data he furnished me before his death.

(Sgd) Mrs. Gallemore

APPLICATION OF

Miss Aida Mumford

Located at Amarillo, Texas

Date of Admission April 1920.

Entered on Roll Book of the
State 8 day of June 1920.

(Sgd) Mrs M. Jones
State Registrar

Reg. June 15, 1920

(Sgd) Fannie R Williams
Reg Sec

I was born in the town of Pleasant Hill in the county Sabine Parish and State of Louisiana. I am the Granddaughter of J. H. Mumford who served in the Confederate Home Militia; who entered the service of the State of Louisiana as Examining surgeon. My present address is Amarillo, County of Potter, State of Texas.

RECORD OF SERVICES:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY:

Dr. J. H. Mumford acted as courier to Gen. Taylor (Commander of the Confederate troops) at the Battle of Mansfield conveying valuable information April 1864. He was surgeon from the beginning of the war in Capt. Hatcher's home guards also Examining Physician of recruits for the confederate service, aiding the Confederacy in many ways.

That Miss Aida Mumford is the Great Great Niece of William B. Mumford who was hung in New Orleans, who in a spirit of patriotism for the Confederate cause tore down the Federal flag from the Custom House for which act he was executed at command of Gen. Butler. This incident is a matter of history.

This is certified by son of Dr. J. H. Mumford.

(Sgd) J. E. Mumford, M. D.

Signed Miss Aida Mumford

Recommended by Confederate Veterans, or three members in good standing.

(Sgd) R A Rembert
(Sgd) W C Henderson

(Sgd) Patricia Babb President.
(Sgd) Nettie McKinney Secretary.

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PETITION OF

Lola Bryson Reese
Address 1018 Van Buren (Street)
Amarillo, Texas

Date entered on Roll Book of
the State:

March 19, 1939

(Sgd) Mrs David J. Pickle
Registrar Texas Division

Registered April 4, 1939

(Sgd) Elenos J R Woolf
Registrar-General, U.D.C.

The Confederate Soldier through whom I claim membership, and whom I state adhered to the cause of the Confederate States of America as a Patriot was my Grandfather whose name was Simeon Harrison Reese of Johnson County, Texas.

Maiden Name (Sgd) Lola Bryson Reese

Address 1018 Van Buren St
Amarillo, Texas

(Sgd) Mrs. Jno. Copp

(Sgd) Mrs. H. G. Baucom

(Sgd) Mrs. A. N. Finklea

Credentials Committee

FILL IN LINEAGE UP TO AND INCLUDING CONFEDERATE
ANCESTOR OR RELATIVE ONLY

I, Lola Bryson Reese was born on the 4th day of October 1893, Town Alvarado, County Johnson, State Texas, Country U.S.A. I claim eligibility as stated below from Simeon Harrison Reese:

My Confederate Ancestor, who belonged to Company E Regiment 46th Infantry from the State of Georgia and he was paroled on May 1st, 1865, Greensboro, No. Carolina.

1. I am the daughter of

Jeremiah Cicero Reese born 5/25/1865 in Whiteville, Harrison Co., Ga.
and his wife

Lucy Bryson Burge-Reese born 10/17/1866 in Micklenberg Co., Ky.
married 7/16/1890 in Denton, Texas

2. My father was the son of

Whiteoak Springs, Barbor Co.

Venus, Johnson Co.

Simeon Harrison Reese born 2/14/1835 in Ala. died 8/22/1907 in Texas
and his wife

Wills Point

Mary Howard Norwood-Reese born 10/24/1844 in Whitesville, Ga died 1/1/1906 in Texas
married 11/ 1/1858 in Whitesville, Ga.

Confederate Service: Copy of record from War Dept. follows:

The records show that one S. H. Reese, name not borne as Simeon Harrison Reese, a private of Company E, 46th Regiment Georgia Infantry, Confederate States Army, enlisted May 1, 1862, at Hamilton, Georgia.

The company muster roll for July and August, 1864, last on file, shows him absent, "In Hospital since March 12, 1864."

He was paroled at Greensboro, North Carolina May 1, 1865, in accordance with the terms of a military convention entered into on the 26th day of April 1865.

(Sgd) E. S. Adams

Major General

The Adjutant General

By H L T

Historical Proof:

WAR DEPARTMENT RECORD
ON FILE IN DEPARTMENT

U. D. C.

Lieutenant John Doby;

U.D.C. des., Mrs. Sam B. Motlow.

I entered the Confederate service before I was 17 years of age. My Company was attached to the 9th South Carolina Infantry, Col. Blanding Commander, D.R. Jones Brigadier General. In the spring of 1862 my company was organized and joined the 6th. , South Carolina Infantry, John Bratton, Col. Jenkins, Brigadeir General. General Jinkins was killed at the Wilderness battle, and Col. Bratton became our Brigadier Gen. I served my country from the first shot on Fort Sumpter until we laid down our arms at Appomattox. Was in all the battles with the Army of Northern Virginia. Was with Longstreet at Chattanooga, Chicamauga, Lookout Mountain, and at Knoxville. I was at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Second Manassas, Fort Harrison, Fredericksburg, Gaines Mill, Frasiers Farm, Sharpsburg, Cold Harbor, the siege of Gettisburg and Appamattox.

I was wounded severely at Sharpsburg, and also at Second Manassas and Fort Harrison.

My father had two brothers who served in the Confederate Army, James Doby, Captain of Kershaw Rangers. Joseph Doby, the youngest brother, a nice boy, was taken Prisoner, and died at Fortress Monroe.

This story given to Lieut. John Doby's daughter, Mrs. Josaphine Doby Motlow, (Mrs Sam Motlow, and recommended by Will A. Miller, J.W. Ozier, Mrs. Patricia Babb, and Mrs. E.L. Miller. She was registered as a United Daughter of the ^{Confederate} Republic, June 23, 1928. lived in Matillo, Texas. She was born in Johnson County, Texas.

APPLICATION OF
Mrs. Angelina Considine

I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears in the records of the Court.

Attest:

Witness my hand and seal this 1st day of March, 1904.

Notary Public for the State of New York.

My commission expires the 1st day of March, 1905.

Witness my hand and seal this 1st day of March, 1904.

Notary Public for the State of New York.

My commission expires the 1st day of March, 1905.

Witness my hand and seal this 1st day of March, 1904.

I was born in the town of Mobile in the county Baldwin and State of Alabama. I am the daughter of Augustus Boullemet who served in the Confederate Army; who entered the service of the State of Alabama in 1861 in Co. B, Reg't Mobile Cadets as Private; who entered Confederate service in 1861 in Reg't 21 as Private; was promoted to the rank of Corporal. My present address is Amarillo, County of Potter, State of Texas.

(Sgd) Angela B. Considine

Mobile, Ala., Sept 24th, 1913

Mrs Considine

Dear Madam

It affords me great pleasure to state that I was personally acquainted with Mr Boullemet having served in the Army with him, and his record as a soldier being perfect, he having been elected a Member of Semmes Camp of U.C.V., and as a Member of same was buried by said Camp Aug 4th, 1899.

Hoping the above may prove satisfactory for your purpose

I remain

Yours truly,

(Sgd) T. P. Savage

Past Commander Semmes Camp

Recommended by Confederate Veterans, or three members in good standing.

(Sgd) L. W. McRae
1st Lieut Co B
56 Alabama Reg.

(Sgd) Mrs T A Babb President.

(Sgd) Mrs E T Miller Secretary.

(Sgd) Mrs. J. B. Beard

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APPLICATION OF

(Sgd) Neita Poage

Located at Amarillo

Partial War Record of Fred W. Poage: Enlisted in the Mo. State Guard, July 1862. Joined Franklin's Regulars, Co. C, Andrew Frame, Capt. Samuel Garnette 1st Lieutenant Regiment disbanded Aug. 10th, but still under enlistment. Remained in the neighborhood and at home until Sept. 10th 1862. At that time started with ten other men to make our way to the Confederate Army commanded by Gen. John S. Marmaduke then in N. Arkansas. Reached Gen. Marmaduke's command on Oct. 9th which was at that time in camp near White River, nine miles S. of Fayetteville, Ark. When we reported next morning at headquarters were mustered in and served on Gen. Marmaduke's escort until Nov. 1st '62 when I was transferred to Co. C. Gorden's Regiment, Shelby's brigade, George Gordon Capt, B. F. Gorden, Col. From this time on till close of war was with this Brigade and took part in the engagements with the Brigade, except Prairie Grove at which time was in hospital at Van Buren with a wound received at Cane Hill Nov 22nd 1862, the only wound I received during the war. Was with the Brigade in Steele's raid around Prairie De Ann, Camden, Poison Springs, Mark's Mill, Saline River. On April 6th '64 was transferred to Collins Cavalry, and remained with the battery until close of war. This battery was present at every engagement in which the Old Brigade took part. I will state here that about the last of June '63 I was detailed to serve with Battery on the Helena (Ark) raid; served about 20 days; on my return to Jackson port I reported to my Co. in the Regiment.

Signed (Sgd) Neita Poage

(Sgd) J. H. Rockwell
(Sgd) H. R. Airhart
(Sgd) W. M. Breeding

(Sgd) Mrs. F. C. Fox President
 Will A Miller Chapter, Amarillo

(Sgd) Mattie E. Rush Secretary
 Will A Miller Chapter

Camp near Little Rock

My dear Wife

Sep. 15th 64.

As I have an opportunity of writing a letter by hand, I will write to you, although it has been a long time since I received a letter from you. The mails are ^{so} irregular. I know is the reason I don't hear from you, and I know you have had but few opportunities of sending letters by hand. I am in very fine health, better if any than I have ever enjoyed since I have been in the service. I have understood that there is a great deal of sickness in Arizona Territory. I fear every time I hear from home for fear some of you are sick & I am as if you are sick, that you are likely to be neglected for medicine is so scarce, that it is almost impossible to get it. We have some six or seven men in our company who have fever, though not dangerous. They would get well soon if we could only remain in this camp, but as we have to march again tomorrow I expect they will all recover again.

We are now camped about three miles from Mescal on our way to Fort Huachuca, we are ordered to report to Genl. McBruder at Fort Huachuca. I think we are going to drive old Genl. Steele out of Little Rock, and then I think we will come back and winter somewhere to spend the winter.

I send you a twenty dollar bill of the new issue. I want you to use it to buy corn with. I will send it by Ben Stripling. I will send you more as soon as I can get it.

There was considerable excitement among the troops about crossing the Mississippi River. And a good many deserted and started home, but they are now coming back and going in the guard house, the sorriest fellows I ever saw. They chain the non-commissioned officers together and keep them chained, though there is no one of our company left.

I want you to write to me every opportunity. Write me what sort of a prospect you have to get corn and how much it is worth in the new issue.

Give my love to all the relations and take good care of yourself during this dirty season. I remain your affectionate husband

Thos. J. Childs

River

Camp in 4 miles of Mississippi
November 29. A.D. 1863.

My Dear Mother

My pen in hand this morning to
write you a few lines to let you
know that I am well at the pres-
ent. Hoping when this comes to hand
It will find you ^{and children} enjoying the same
Blessing of health. I was on picket
guard the 22 of this month in a few
minutes after we had got to the
Mississippi river a transport started
and as she got down as opposite our
Artillery town loose on the
transport and set her a fire then
Yankess Commence shelling us from
their gun boats and killed one
man out of our Regiment I have
Canoes I have got all the things
that you sent to me on the 23 day of
Nov and the letter to my Dearest
one you write me that if did not
like the things I could burn
them up if I wanted to.

Continued

11. The purpose of this report is to provide a summary of the results of the study conducted over a period of six months.

1. The first phase of the study involved a detailed analysis of the data collected from the initial survey.
2. The results of this analysis indicated that there was a significant correlation between the variables studied.
3. In the second phase, a series of experiments were conducted to further investigate the relationship between the variables.
4. The findings from these experiments suggest that the initial hypothesis was partially correct.
5. The third phase of the study involved a comparison of the results with those obtained from previous research.
6. This comparison revealed that the current study's findings were consistent with some previous work but diverged in other areas.
7. The final phase of the study was a comprehensive review of the literature related to the topic.
8. This review highlighted the need for further research in certain areas and provided a basis for future studies.
9. The overall conclusion of the study is that while there are some similarities with previous research, there are also notable differences.
10. It is recommended that future studies should focus on these differences to gain a more complete understanding of the phenomenon.

that you are as strong as ever and
that I am not at all of you
if you read of them of the
than stories and reads them
I have been denied the pleasure
the service for I am by far too ill
to see you and the children might
But indeed I thought I should
you and all the children and
He is my eye ball all in my
at 3 last night the latest letter
you from was the letter Captain
to soon fetch me when he comes
from home I have not heard
from Samuel and Ely Windham
since the fight. P. Rensselaer sends
his best respects to you and says
that he wants you to quit
travelling and over Boy & Malisa
and the children my best respects
and nothing more only I remain your
affectionate husband until death

W. H. H. H.



Members of Our Church Who Are In the Service of Our Country

IN THE ARMY

John Adams
Robert Axtell
Sterling W. Babb
Billy Bob Baker
Arthur W. Ball, Jr.
Lewis W. Benz
Charles Blanchard
Lewis P. Bock
John K. Boyce, Jr.
Jack Boyd
John Edwin Braum
W. D. Burger
Frank W. Burger
James S. Bynum
William J. Bynum
Walter M. Craig
Dr. W. C. Dine
Dr. Frank B. Duncan
Wilson L. Dyer
Allen Early, Jr.
E. E. Finklea
Dr. Kenneth R. Flamm
Donald Franks
Kenneth R. Franks
Porter F. Fuqua
Tom B. Gallaher, Jr.
Harold F. Garrett
Gorden G. Gill
Harold B. Golding
Jack Harmon
John M. Hess
Jack Hemingway
Kenneth A. Hoage
William K. Hodgins
Johnny L. Howell
Carl C. Kirk
J. D. Kerr
R. L. Kerr
A. A. Kollaer
Dr. H. H. Latson
Charles Meadors
James W. McKirahan
Richard V. McLean
Dr. Joe P. McNeill
Dr. Millard W. Nobles
James G. Parks
James H. Parks
J. C. Paul
Flave Pledger
H. A. Preisig
Harvey Radey, Jr.
R. L. Ravey
Terry Smith Roberts
Robert L. Roseberry

Dr. Woolworth Russell
Carlton Scales
Oscar A. Schilling
Henry G. Seimantel
George I. Shannon
W. B. Sikes
Hugh Smith
Tom C. Sparks, Jr.
Wm. B. Stevenson, Jr.
Ralph B. Stewart
R. M. Stewart
Harold W. Taylor
Jay L. Taylor
Robt. Gilderoy Tucker
A. H. Vaughan, Jr.
Edward J. Vogt, Jr.
Irvin Wall
Wallace Wall
Jack L. Warnix
H. E. Westmoreland
Irving A. White
Vincent C. White
James W. Whitfield, Jr.
Chas. W. Whittington, Jr.
Alwyn W. Williams
Clarence M. Williams, Jr.
Thos. R. Wingate
Frank P. Wilson, Jr.
F. E. Woodruff, Jr.
Ormond W. Wright

IN THE NAVY

W. M. Adams, Jr.
Jack Allison
Jason I. Bennett
Harry B. Bivins
Dr. Ben T. Blackwell
Jack Boston
Palmer Blake Bunch
Dr. M. A. Canon
R. W. Castleberry
Wm. H. Childers
Frank Coulter
Eli P. Cox, Jr.
Stanley Crowe
Clifford Brien Dillon
Donald J. Fish
Richard L. Gifford
Francis L. Gilmore
Kenneth H. Gilmore
Rushton C. Greer
James Seewald Guleke
R. K. Hart
T. W. Hawkins
Jack Helms

O'ho F. Henville
M. T. Johnson, Jr.
Floyd B. Jones
Otis J. Lilly
Kenneth W. Linn
W. P. Mauldin
Curtis G. Maynard
James G. Moore
Edward S. Morris
W. G. McDonald
Russell McKinley
George S. McLellan
W. N. McMillen
R. C. Neely, Jr.
Wm. D. Pitman
Kendrick Radey
Robert B. Red, Jr.
Robert E. Rook
John R. Rushmer, Jr.
Clarence P. Sigmon
Gene S. Sweet
David D. Tucker
John Vandale
Robert N. Williams
Robert F. Zelsman

IN THE MARINES

W. Z. Clark, Jr.
Hugh C. Gouldy, Jr.
W. E. Hemingway
Chas. W. Ogburn
Gorton Rushmer
K. M. Travis
Robert Wilbanks

IN THE AIR CORPS

Wm. Julian Arnette
Wm. Worth Bell
Robert Bell
Eugene Blasdel
Dawson Bray
Wm. F. Cody
John J. Currie
Homer W. (Bill) Dee
Dr. D. B. Dorsey
Harrell D. Finley
Clifford Flanders
Wm. W. Floyd
Dr. W. E. Gibbon
J. R. Gifford
Joe T. Glover
Dr. W. C. Goodpasture
Joe Hagy
Charles Edward Hess
(Continued on next page)

Members of Our Church In the Service — (Continued)

Dwight Hoskins	T. A. Neubauer	Gordon P. Tompkins, Jr.
V. M. Johnson	John Oliver	Ira L. Tucker
Paul H. Judy	Jack L. Parks, Jr.	H. K. Twing
J. C. Kerr	Wm. Martin Parr	Robert Wheatley
Elbert D. Kittinger	J. G. Pounds	J. C. Whittington
J. B. Linn, Jr.	John Puntch	William C. Wilson, Jr.
L. E. Mahuron	Richard C. Ross	George M. Wolfe
Walter S. Mount, Jr.	Frank J. Storm, Jr.	Earl Young
John Dudley Myers	Charles T. Thompson	

Not Members But of Our Families, Sunday-School, Youth Church

IN THE ARMY

Ellis H. Aderton, Jr.
 Harry A. Bozeman, Jr.
 S. O. Callahan, III
 Harvey H. Corn
 J. E. Curry
 Armon Dorsey
 John Henry Eisenberg
 William W. Ellison
 George Groves
 Elwood N. Frederick
 Rayford Harris
 Wm. Frederick Janzen, Jr.
 Charles W. Kendrick
 M. B. Kendrick
 Paul A. Lovett
 Robert L. Lovett
 John T. McDonald
 John R. C. McGowan
 John T. Oliver
 Ralph E. Pierce
 Billy Davis Pyeatt
 Jacob Rathmell
 W. A. Rhoads
 C. H. Robinett
 James C. Sanders
 Ray Sherwood
 Bob Simmons
 L. D. Todd
 Hubert J. Wegener
 Mick G. Williams

IN THE NAVY

Newton H. Babb
 Bill N. Browder

James Everett
 Claude Albert Harrison
 Wm. L. Harrison
 Fred F. Hayden
 Cecil Ingram
 Gus Franklin Keith
 John Lilly
 Wilson F. Maxey
 Brady L. McCoy
 James J. McCullen
 R. P. Neely
 H. H. Nye, Jr.
 Jimmy H. Randall
 Richard M. Scanlan
 R. Byron Steele
 George R. Stout
 Roy C. Stout
 Thomas H. Thompson
 Wilson A. Ward
 Carroll V. Wisdom
 W. G. Word, Jr.

IN THE MARINES

Murray M. Elson, Jr.
 Emmett C. Fuqua
 Billy Wayne Stout

IN THE AIR CORPS

Don L. Bagot
 Wyatt Blackburn
 Kenneth Bradford
 Ed Browder, Jr.
 John B. Bryson, Jr.
 John Corn
 Douglas Davis, Jr.
 Tommy W. Grundy

Wallace E. Kirk
 T. C. Martin
 John F. Mead
 Billy Gene McCully
 Grover C. McDaniel, Jr.
 Robert Earl McDavid
 Hugh L. McElrath
 Wm. G. Ordway
 J. L. Pate, Jr.
 J. R. Propst
 Ross T. Radey
 Robert R. Russell
 Walter Shaller
 Jim Simmons
 Earl T. Smith
 Henry D. Smith
 Lawrence P. Stephens
 F. K. Taylor
 S. H. Taylor
 John O. Turner
 Kenneth Wheatley.

* GOLD STARS

John A. Gillies
 Wade O. Holman
 Roy Bechtold, Jr.
 Ross A. Bennett

An Open Letter

Dear Member in the
 Armed Forces:

So you want us to write you
 about the "little things."

We hear the Chimes on Sunday
 morning. The children come to
 Sunday School, the little girls
 wearing their finest hair-ribbons
 and the little boys their very best
 shoes.

Then we go to Church. Do you
 remember the beauty of our
 Church Service: the organ music,
 the red velvet curtains in the
 chof; loft; the sunlight shining

through the stained-glass window
 above the organ console? We sing
 the same old hymns we have sung
 with you. And then we hear Dr.
 Thomsen's sermon. That is one
 of the things you would remem-
 ber: how good his sermon always
 is.

On Communion Sunday, al-
 though you are far away, we feel
 that we share the sacrament with
 you.

Some of the soldiers from Am-
 arillo Field come to our Church
 and take part in the services; we
 have never known them before,
 but they do not seem like strang-

ers to us.

After Church, we linger
 and visit; there is no need to hur-
 ry home for that "Big Sunday
 Dinner." There aren't enough
 ration points, and it will probably
 be "macaroni."

We watch for Spring. The
 snows are gone now, and the
 ground is filled with moisture. We
 look for buds on the ornamental
 peach tree by the tower door. Do
 you remember it blooms in April?

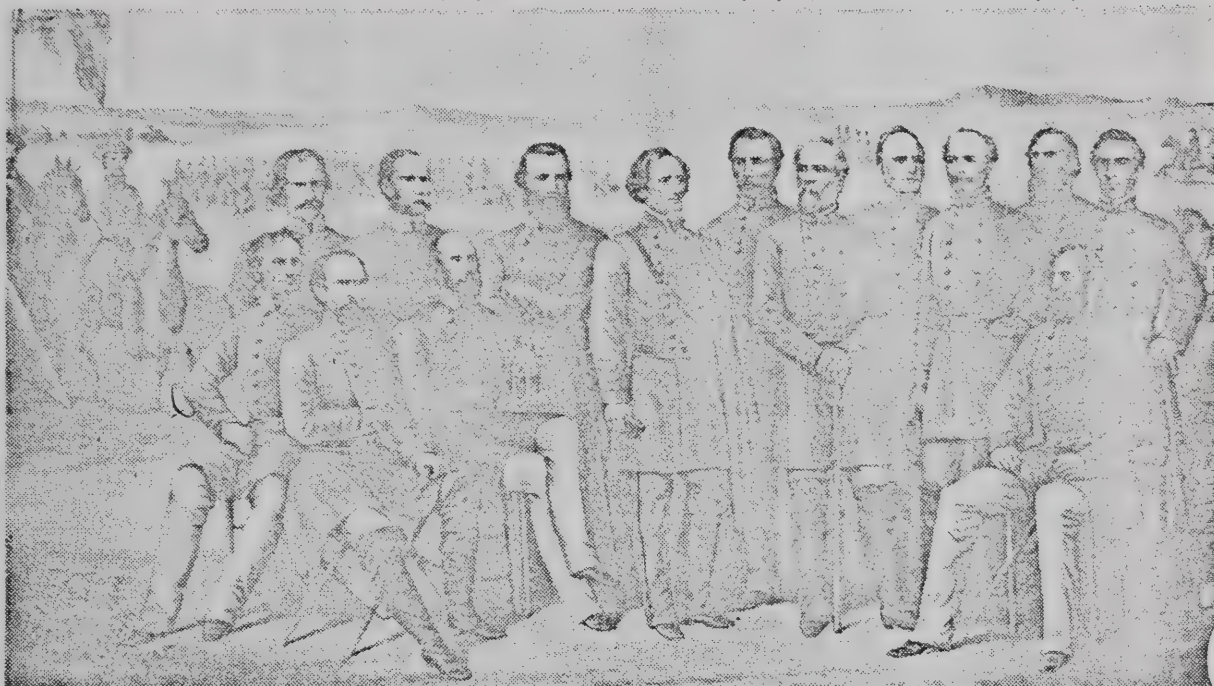
We wait for Easter! And for
 your return!

Sincerely
 First Presbyterian Church

Oct. 13, 1954.

Confederacy Stories Told by Descendants, Who Are Holding State Convention Here

* * * * *



These were the generals of the Confederate Army who were among the South's principal leaders in the Civil War. Forbears of the United Daughters of the Confederacy served in their commands. From left, rear row, are Gen. A. S. Johnston, Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton, Lt. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Gen. G. T. Beauregard, Lt. Gen. Sterling Price, and Gen. A. P. Hill. The first man standing in the closer row is Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy. Next to Davis is Gen. Robert E. Lee, with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Gen. Braxton Bragg to his left. Seated, from left, are Lt. Gen. L. Polk, Lt. Gen. J. B. Gordon, Lt. Gen. N. E. Ewell and Lt. Gen. T. J. Jackson. At rear left, generals shown riding in on horseback are Brig. Gen. J. H. Morgan and Lt. Gen. N. B. Forrest, right.

Members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who opened their 58th annual state convention here today, must trace lineal relationship to a soldier in Confederate forces before they are admitted to the organization.

While gathering information about their forbears to submit with applications, UDC members have uncovered many interesting historical facts and anecdotes.

Mrs. Aida Mumford Calhoun, 212 E. 8th, Amarillo, presented that sort of footnote to history in her application. Her great-great uncle, William B. Mumford, an ardent Confederate patriot, tore the federal flag from the Custom House in New Orleans. For this, he was hanged at the command of the Union general, Benjamin Franklin Butler, who was later removed from his post as administrator of the city for governing in a high-handed and questionable manner.

In her application, Miss Laura V. Hamner, Herring Hotel, Amarillo, wrote that her father, James Henry Hamner, did not agree with some historians that Gen. Nathan Forrest was harsh with his men.

Mrs. Hamner wrote, "Father says that he never heard Forrest use a cross word to a good soldier but he had no use for a 'slacker.' No commander ever looked more to the comfort of his men and he never asked a soldier to go where he would not lead. Gen. Forrest lost but one battle, that

at Selma, Ala., just before the final surrender. . . . He was never surprised and when he ordered his men to go into camp they knew that no enemy would arouse them from their slumbers."

James Henry Hamner was a member of Company D in Forrest's command. The soldier was wounded in the left leg when his horse was shot from under him at Fort Donaldson. Surgeons wished to amputate, but desisted when Hamner told them he preferred death to the loss of his leg. He

recovered and in a subsequent action was promoted to color-sergeant for heroism.

The father, two uncles, and cousin, of the late Mrs. Gertrude Cousins of Amarillo, whose son, Aubrey, now lives in Pampana, all entered Confederate service at the same time as members of the first company of cavalry raised in Hawkins County, Tenn. Mrs. Cousins' father, John Smith, became a Union prisoner when General Johnson surrendered to Gen. Sherman on April 26, 1862, in North Carolina.

The late Mrs. A. A. Meredith, of Borger, traced her relationship to a grand uncle, Milton A. Haynes, of Tennessee. He served as lieutenant colonel of the Tennessee Artillery Corps during the Civil War and had fought as an officer of the U. S. Army and later as an officer of a Tennessee unit during the Mexican War.

One of the early applications to the Will A. Miller Chapter, UDC, the chapter sponsoring this convention, was from Mrs. Virginia Mills Gallemore of Amarillo, whose father, L. T. Mills, was a member of one of the most storied commands of the Confederate Army, that of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. Mills was never excused from duty during the entire war and was present with Gen. Stuart on every raid he made in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Mills was along on the five days and nights raid around McClellan's Union army encamped on the north side of the Potomac in Maryland. On another raid, the Stuart forces, including Mills, circled Grant's army at Petersburg where 2,600 beeves were captured.

Counting battles and skirmishes, Mills took part in 150 or more "had two horses shot under me and was once slightly wounded myself."

First Plane Trip



—Globe-Times Staff Photo

For the first time in 81 years, Mrs. Olive K. Dixon goes for a plane ride.

Pioneer Spirit Keeps Her Young at Heart

This morning Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, 808 Jackson, boarded a Pioneer Air Lines plane for a three-hour ride to San Angelo to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Reagan.

Sixty-one years ago she spent almost three times as many hours going the 25 miles from her Hutchinson County home to visit relatives in Ochiltree County.

In all of her 81 years, Mrs. Dixon, widow of the famed Indian scout, Billy Dixon, has never ridden a plane. But in the travels from her native state of Virginia to the Panhandle of Texas, she has ridden almost every other known conveyance, including a train of wooden cars from Fort Worth to Canadian in '93.

Mrs. Dixon came to the Panhandle to teach school—and that she did. The school was on the south side of the Canadian River between Tallahone

and Reynolds creeks. The schoolhouse, built of cottonwood logs, and about 12 feet square, was covered with dirt.

"There were no desks or modern fixtures. A barrel of drinking water was hauled once a week. There were large cracks between the logs and when the weather turned cold, my pupils (five) and I chinked and daubed the walls to keep out the wind and snow," she recalls.

She married Billy Dixon in 1894

See MRS. DIXON—Page 4

and for three years was the only woman in what is now Hutchinson County, although at that time the county had not been organized.

She lived in a log house built on the ruins of old Adobe Walls, which was three-quarters of a mile south of the noted Adobe Walls Indian battle of June 27, 1874, the end of the war between the white settlers and the Plains Indians.

After the death of her hus-

band, who was more than two decades older than she, Mrs. Dixon became a country correspondent for the Amarillo Daily News. Later she moved to Amarillo, and has been a staff member of The Globe-Times and News since.

She denies her octogenarian years by coming to work every day; and the fact that the plane left the ground in a thunder-shower made no difference to Mrs. Dixon.

"I must have inherited a love of adventure from my forefathers," she says. One of those forefathers, Gen. Andrew Lewis, a Revolutionary War hero. Her father was a Confederate soldier. And to anyone who pioneered the wide spaces of the plains, when months would pass without the sight of new face, a rocket-trip to the moon would probably be routine.

THE AMARILLO GLOBE-TIMES, AMARILLO, TEXAS

Division Officers



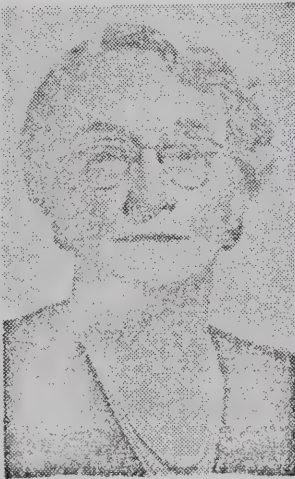
MRS. T. D. McVEY
* * *



MRS. ROBERT A. NEWNAM
* * *



MRS. R. L. BATTE SR.
* * *



MRS. C. E. KELLY
* * *

State UDC Group To Have Annual Convention in Amarillo Next Week

Officials from throughout the state are expected to attend the Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy convention in Amarillo next week, Oct. 12, 13 and 14.

Hostesses for the session are members of Will A. Miller

Chapter No. 1372, UDC, with Mrs. H. A. Dyer as general chairman; Mrs. T. H. Rodgers, co-chairman; Mrs. L. C. Nesbitt, finance chairman; and Mrs. W. R. Pumphrey, publicity chairman. Headquarters will be in the Herring Hotel, with registration opening at 9 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 12.

Among the officers expected to attend is Mrs. T. D. McVey of Dallas, recorder of crosses. Mrs. McVey has charge of the Military Service Crosses, sending all applications to the Recorder General of Crosses for her approval and who in turn sends the crosses to Mrs. McVey for mailing to the chapter presidents. Any man or woman who served in any of the wars and who had a Confederate ancestor is eligible for a military service cross.

A former president of the Texas Division, Mrs. Robert A. Newnam of San Antonio, now serves as chaplain. Mrs. Newnam became active in UDC work in 1932 when she joined the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter in San Antonio. She has held various offices in that chapter and organized the Carey McNelly Rowe Children's Chapter. Mrs. Newnam also has served as district chairman and has been a member of the executive board of the division for eight years.

Mrs. R. L. Batte Sr. of Cameron has been poet laureate of the division for the past two years. An ardent lover of the old South and its traditions, Mrs. Batte has written a novel, "Master of the Sycamores," and two books of poetry, "The Perfumed Garden" and "Leaves From the Sycamores."

Mrs. C. E. Kelly of El Paso, division president in 1942 and '43, was elected a life member of the executive board in 1946. A charter member of the R. E. Lee Chapter 1060, she has served that group and the division in various offices throughout the years.

In addition to the official sessions, the delegates will be en-

tertained at luncheons, a banquet, a concert and a bus trip to Palo Duro Canyon.

Will Direct Sessions



Mrs. Walter Gardner Snoddy

—Personal Photo



Mrs. H. A. Dyer, left, and Mrs. T. H. Rodgers

—Sunday News-Globe Staff Photo.

Texas Division To Open Convention on Tuesday

Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is holding its annual convention in Amarillo on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday with headquarters at the Herring Hotel.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1954

Heading the arrangements committee are Mrs. H. A. Dyer, general chairman, and Mrs. T. H. Rodgers, co-chairman. Mrs. L. C. Nesbitt is finance chairman, and Mrs. W. R. Pumphrey is serving as publicity chairman. Hostesses are members of Will A Miller Chapter No. 1372.

Directing the official sessions will be Mrs. Walter Gardner Snoddy of Weatherford, president.

Registration of delegates opens at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, and an executive board session is scheduled for 10 o'clock in Room 204. A luncheon for the board will be held at 12:30 o'clock with Mrs. M. G. Monaghan as chairman.

Tuesday afternoon, 2 o'clock, delegates will be taken on a bus trip to Palo Duro Canyon.

A concert at 7:45 o'clock Tuesday evening in the Crystal Ballroom of the hotel will precede the formal opening of the 58th convention and the bestowal of crosses at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Dyer is to be chairman of the session and Mrs. Snoddy will preside. The day's program is to conclude with a reception at 10:30 o'clock with Mrs. F. E. Nichol as chairman.

Mrs. Monaghan will be chair-

man of the district chairmen breakfast slated for Wednesday morning, 7:30 o'clock, in the main dining room. A business session at 9 o'clock in the ballroom, conducted by Mrs. Snoddy, will be followed at 12:30 by a Southern luncheon in Old Tascosa. Mrs. M. M. Mayfield is the luncheon chairman.

The business session will reconvene at 2 o'clock. Reports of the chapter presidents are to be presented at a formal session, 7:30 o'clock, in the ballroom, with Mrs. W. N. Fink of El Paso, vice-president, in charge.

Thursday's program opens with a business meeting at 9 o'clock. Mrs. Robert A. Newman of San Antonio, chaplain, and Mrs. Rodgers will have charge of a Memorial Hour, 11 o'clock, in the Blackburn-Shaw Chapel.

Business will be resumed at 2 o'clock. Concluding the convention will be a formal banquet, 6 o'clock, in the ballroom with Mrs. C. C. Cunningham as chairman, followed by an historical evening, beginning at 8 o'clock, with Mrs. Minnie Wright Barrett of Dallas, historian, as chairman.

Division officers expected to attend the convention are: president, Mrs. Snoddy; vice president, Mrs. Fink; second vice president, Mrs. H. A. Munson of Angleton; third vice president, Mrs. R. R. Matthews of San Antonio; recording secretary, Mrs. Robert Beath of San Antonio; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. C. Massey of Weatherford; treasurer, Mrs. D. C. Davis of Houston; historian, Mrs. Barrett; registrar, Miss Mildred Webb of Austin; custodian, Mrs. C. W. Kallgren of Austin.

Recorder of crosses, Mrs. T. D. McVey of Dallas; chaplain, Mrs. Robert A. Newman of San Antonio; poet laureate, Mrs. R. L. Batte Sr., of Cameron; regent, Texas Confederate Museum, Mrs. Joe Rowe of Austin; regent, Texas Room, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., Mrs. Oscar Barthold of Weatherford; life members of executive board, Mrs. White Boyd of Houston, Mrs. John M. Wilcox of Houston and Mrs. E. C. E. Kelly of El Paso.

Presides at Banquet



—Sunday News-Globe Staff Photo.
Mrs. C. C. Cunningham, seated, presided over the United Daughters of the Confederacy banquet, held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Herring Hotel Thursday night. Mrs. Blanche Pumphrey, publicity chairman of the state convention, and Mrs. W. Gardner Snoddy of Weatherford, president, discuss the program.

* * *

UDC Division Concludes Meet

The 58th annual convention of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, closed Thursday night with a historical program and banquet.

At the banquet held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Herring Hotel, Cal Farley of Boys' Ranch outlined the activities of the Ranch. Lawrence Griffin and David Ash, both of the Ranch, played several musical numbers.

Mrs. C. C. Cunningham was mistress-of-ceremonies. The ballroom was decorated in the western motif.

Mrs. Linnie Wright Barrett of Dallas, historian, presided over the historical program following the banquet. The invocation was given by Mrs. Robert A. Newnam of San Antonio, chaplain.

Following the salutes to the United States, Texas and Confederate flags, Mrs. Dennis Colwell of Dallas, addressed the group.

The meeting was adjourned with the retiring of the colors and the benediction by Mrs. Newnam.

The Will A. Miller Chapter of Amarillo was hostess organization to the 200 delegates that attended. Next year's convention will be in San Antonio.

Oct. 14 '54.

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Delegate From Dallas



—Globe-Times Staff Photo.

Mrs. M. G. Stamford of Dallas, left, a member of Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, chats with Mrs. Walter Jackson, 913 Rusk, a member of the hostess group, Will A. Miller Chapter, during registration yesterday morning for the UDC state convention, now in session at the Herring Hotel.

State Meeting Of UDC Opens

Delegates from over the state registered yesterday for the state convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy being held at the Herring Hotel. The official sessions will continue through tomorrow night.

Mrs. Walter Gardner Snoddy of Weatherford, president, conducted an executive board meeting yesterday morning. At noon, the board members were guests at a luncheon with Mrs. M. G. Monaghan as chairman.

Delegates were taken on a bus tour of Palo Duro Canyon yesterday afternoon, and the official opening of the convention was called last night with Mrs. H. A. Dyer as chairman and Mrs. Snoddy presiding. A reception with Mrs. F. E. Nichol as chairman concluded the day's program.

Today's sessions were highlighted with a breakfast for district chairmen, with Mrs. Monaghan in charge, and a southern luncheon, with Mrs. M. M. Mayfield as chairman. The morning and afternoon business discussions were directed by Mrs. Snoddy.

Reports of the chapter presidents are to be presented tonight at a meeting, 7:30 o'clock, in the Crystal Ballroom. Mrs. W. N. Fink of El Paso, vice president, will preside.

CONVENTION CALL

GREETINGS, Members of Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy:

The Fifty-Eighth Annual Convention of Texas Division will be held in Amarillo, October 12, 13 and 14, 1954.

Headquarters will be in the Herring Hotel.

C A L E N D A R

Tuesday, October 12, 1954

- 9:00 A.M. Registration of delegates, Mezzanine, Herring Hotel
- 10:00 A.M. Executive Board meeting, Room Number 204
- 12:30 P.M. Luncheon for Executive Board, honoring Mrs. W. Gardner Snoddy, President and Mrs. John M. Wilcox, Ex-President-General. Will A. Miller Chapter, hostess
- 2:00 P.M. Bus trip to Beautiful Palo Duro Canyon
- 7:45 P.M. Concert, Crystal Ball Room
- 8:00 P.M. Formal Opening of Fifty-Eighth Convention
Bestowal of Crosses of Military Service
- 10:30 P.M. Reception, honoring President, Executive Board, Ex-Presidents and Honorary Presidents

Wednesday, October 13, 1954

- 7:30 A.M. District Chairmen's Breakfast, Main Dining Room
- 9:00 A.M. Business Session, Crystal Ball Room
- 12:30 P.M. Luncheon, Old Tascosa
- 2:00 P.M. Business Session, Crystal Ball Room
- 7:30 P.M. Chapter Presidents' Evening, Crystal Ball Room

Thursday, October 14, 1954

- 9:00 A.M. Business Session, Crystal Ball Room
- 11:00 A.M. Memorial Hour, Blackburn-Shaw Chapel
- 2:00 P.M. Business Session, Election of Officers, Crystal Ball Room
- 6:00 P.M. Banquet, Crystal Ball Room
- 8:00 P.M. Historical Evening, Installation of Officers
Adjournment

Send names, with dates, of deceased members to the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Robert Beath, 618 Rigsby Ave., San Antonio 10, Texas.

Send short obituaries to Division Chaplain, Mrs. R. A. Newnam, 1122 West Summit, San Antonio, Texas.

At 2:00 P.M. Tuesday, October 12, a bus trip to Palo Duro Canyon has been arranged. Tickets must be purchased by noon Tuesday. Price \$2.00 round trip, which includes entrance fee.

Write Herring Hotel, Amarillo, Texas, for reservations.

Ruth Mayers Snoddy, President

No. Members 55

Condensed report of Will A. Miller Chapter
No. 1372, U. D. C., Amarillo, Texas, for the
year beginning September 1, 1953 and ending
August 31, 1954.

First Chapter chartered September 9, 1911; reactivated May 17, 1950.

Members at last report 33; Members demitted none;

New Members 21; Deceased Members none; Present membership 55;

Honorary Members 4; Real Daughters 12

Tax paid Division (60¢ per member) All this in state report

Tax paid General (50¢ per member)

Curator Tax (15¢ per member)

Texas Museum Tax (\$1.00 per Chapter)

Texas Room Tax (\$1.00 per Chapter)

Total Tax and Dues sent Treasurer \$47.50

Completion of Womens' Memorial Bldg. Fund 12.00

Total Amount paid all Funds \$59.50

Time of regular Chapter meetings: First Friday of each month at 2:30.

New Officers 1954-1955 elected April 2; Installation May 7.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

All of Historian General's outline followed in nine regular meetings, one Guest Day Tea, one Morning Coffee and two book reviews.

Average attendance 25 to 35.

Year Book published. History and Scrapbook compiled.

One Confederate Grave Marker placed.

Two crosses of Military Service bestowed.

WILL A. MILLER CHAPTER NO. 1372, U.D.C., AMARILLO, TEXAS, Oct. 13, 1954.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF WORK DONE FOR THE YEAR

All of Historian General's outline followed in nine regular meetings, one Guest Day Tea, one Morning Coffee and two Book Reviews. Average attendance 25 to 35. Year Book published...History and Scrapbook...One Confederate Grave Marker placed...Two crosses of Military Service bestowed.. fifty six radio talks made...two T. V. appearances for city benefit work... Memorial Building Fund paid in full.

TO SCHOOLS: Ten pictures of Heroes of the Confederacy and of Jefferson Davis Highway framed and given to nine schools. One to a Boys' Ranch Clubhouse in Amarillo. \$25.00 donated by President for preparation of gifts.

TO LIBRARY: 54 genealogical and history books, one memorial...112 D.A.R. and U.D.C. magazines...3 volumes of "Genealogical Helper"...12 copies of "Our Ancestors"...14 Centennial Editions of newspapers. Through our Chapter was given the complete 35-year files of Panhandle Pen Women of books, biographies, local history, scrapbooks and pictures...one looseleaf notebook of stories: 14 Confederate Veterans' stories of their service, taken from the membership files of Will A. Miller Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy granted on these stories...A collection of stories of First families of Amarillo, First business houses, First celebrations, one of Monuments and Markers, First Years' County Marriage Records, 2 microfilms of newspapers of a National Meeting of Veterans in Amarillo, 1953... Photostat copies of soldiers' unpublished letters to their wives from army camps, and of the first court held in Clarendon, Donley County 1886.

Two members of Chapter on Advisory Board of Library's History and Genealogy Room.

January 23, 1954 our Chapter organized a CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY Chapter, The General Joseph O. Shelby, with 14 charter members...now 17 with 12 papers pending...A Texas and Confederate Flag supplied.

8 U.D.C. Identification pins and one Past President pin sold...2 post binder record books and a rubber stamp were purchased...all dues and assessments sent to Division Treasurer by March 1st...the sick and aged members remembered...May 15th ten members attended District 9 meeting at Lubbock...190 handbags were made for convention's delegates by Mrs. C. C. Cunningham...320 hours given to U.S.O....300 hours to Veterans' Hospital... 11 new subscriptions to the U.D.C. Magazine.

Last year our Honorary Member, Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, a life member of the Panhandle Plains Historical Association, was elected President of the Old Settlers' Reunion. U.D.C. members attend meetings and those of the Old Cowboys' Annual Reunion.

On May 7th a Memorial Day Program was given. May 31st 77 Confederate graves were marked with flags or flowers. Flag Day and Fourth of July duly observed by joining in local activities.

NO. MEMBERS 55

WILL A. MILLER CHAPTER NO. 1372, U.D.C., AMARILLO, TEXAS

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF WORK DONE FOR THE YEAR
(page 2)

A report made to the Fine Arts Chairman of Texas Division.
During the year two rummage sales and one bake sale netted \$338.20.
Publicity inches 354...Chapter reports and report of Laura V. Hamner
(our member), a Southern writer and broadcaster of fame.
Three typed copies of report made for Convention.

Mrs. B. F. Harper, President
Report read by Mrs. E. L. Hunter, Delegate

This report of work done by the Chapter won first place in the Convention
of this year, 1953-54.



BENEFACTOR OF DAVIS

This newly discovered picture of Dr. John J. Craven, benefactor of Jefferson Davis, will be dedicated Thursday at ceremonies in Jefferson Davis Casemate, Fort Monroe. The photograph from which the large color reproduction was made was provided by Robert A. Craven, grandson of the doctor, and was not previously known to be in existence. Other pictures of the doctor are smaller and not so well preserved.

Newly Discovered Picture Of Craven To Be Dedicated

A reproduction of a newly-discovered photograph of Dr. John J. Craven, benefactor of Jefferson Davis, will be dedicated at ceremonies Thursday in the Jefferson Casemate at Fort Monroe.

Robert A. Craven, grandson of the U. S. Army doctor, recently found this large photograph in his belongings, and turned it over to

the Committee for the Fort Monroe Museum and Jefferson Davis Casemate.

It will become an exhibit exhibit at the casemate where Dr. Craven cared for the health of the imprisoned Confederate leader in 1865.

The dedication will fall just one day short of coming on the 88th

Anniversary of the removal of Davis from Casemate No. 2 to more comfortable quarters in Carroll Hall—a since-demolished structure which was located on the Northwest bastion of the fort. The date of this transfer was Oct. 2, 1865.

The reproduction is three feet by four feet in size and has been made in color, showing the brevet lieutenant colonel in his blue Union uniform.

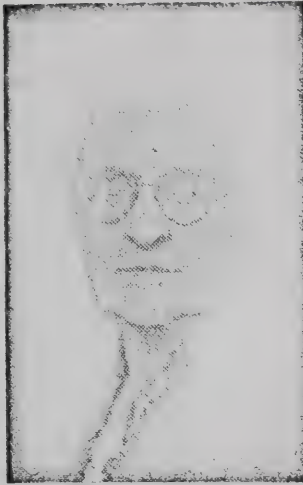
Dr. Craven was charged with responsibility for the health of Jefferson Davis from shortly after the prisoner's arrival May 22, 1865 at the fort, until the doctor was removed from that duty in December of the same year. Authorities thought Craven had become too sympathetic with the prisoner. During this period of approximately seven months, the doctor was instrumental in obtaining a number of improvements in the conditions of Davis' imprisonment—including the change to better quarters in Carroll Hall.

Brief ceremonies are planned by the committee for Thursday's ceremonies at the fort.

Life in Pioneer Days Museum

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* * *



MRS. WARREN WETSEL
... she lived it.



MRS. THOMAS CURRIE
... she wrote it.

By POLLYANA HUGHES
Globe-Times Correspondent

CANYON—The life story of the first white woman to live in Potter County, Mrs. Warren W. Wetzel, was presented to the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum at the 33rd annual meeting of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society recently.

Mrs. Thomas Currie of Amarillo wrote the biography as it was told her by her friend, Mrs. Wetzel.

Mrs. Wetzel's husband was manager of the Frying Pan Ranch, with headquarters 16 miles west of the site of Amarillo. The eastern boundary of the ranch was

where Western Avenue is now.

JOSEPH GLIDDEN, who with Isaac Ellwood o DeKalb, Ill., is credited by Mrs. Wetzel with inventing barbed wire, visited the Frying Pan Ranch once. Mrs. Wetzel said she asked him what he thought of "our country."

"The country is all right," she reported he replied. "Not enough grass to feed a goose."

Mr. Glidden caused more amusement when his derby hat was caught by the West Texas wind and went rolling across the prairie. Mrs. Wetzel said one of the cowboys raced after it on horseback, lassoed it, and returned it to the "Yankee visitor."

* * *

THE FRYING PAN Ranch got its name, Mrs. Wetzel recalled, when H. B. Sanborn was "doodling" in the sand with a stick, trying to figure out a name for the land. A cowboy looked at what he had drawn and said, "There you have a frying pan."

Katharine Fitzgerald Wetzel came to Potter County in 1881, a bride 18 years old. Mr. Wetzel had gone back to New York to marry her.

"They came on the train, first to Sherman, then to Dodge City, Kan," Mrs. Currie wrote. "From there they took the stage to Mobeetie 190 miles, driving day and night for 36 hours, getting their meals at the stage stands where the tired teams were exchanged for fresh ones. From Mobeetie to the ranch was 80 or more miles."

"The headquarters of the ranch,

about 16 miles west from where Amarillo is now located, consisted at that time of a half dugout, the rear being dug into the hillside. The front part was made of rock, plastered and whitewashed inside and out. The roof was composed of limbs of trees and brush covered with earth."

* * *

MRS. WETSEL said the room was large and comfortable, warm in winter, cool in summer.

"Our water supply was furnished by a beautiful spring gushing from the rocks and forming a small river," Mrs. Wetzel said. "We had to obtain our home and ranch supplies from Springer, NM, 185 miles west."

"My husband and I (for I nearly always went with him) made the trips to Springer in our buckboard, a covering over the seat. The extended body at the rear held our bedding and cooking supplies. We would camp in the open wherever night overtook us."

* * *

THE BIG RANCH wagons with high sideboards were drawn by six horses. They made the trip for supplies twice a year, according to Mrs. Wetzel.

"We got our mail from Tascosa, 25 miles distant," she said. "I always dreaded fording the Canadian River with its treacherous, shifting quicksands. Many times when we crossed it, two cowboys would ride with us, one on either side of us with a rope, one end of which was fastened securely to our buckboard and the other to the cowboys' saddles."

During their visits to Tascosa, the Wetsels were often given dances. Music was by one fiddler, and dancing was done on dirt floors, she told Mrs. Currie.

* * *

WHEN MR. AND MRS. P. H. SEEWALD moved to Tascosa, the Wetsels visited them often.

The Wetsels lived in the ranch house for six years. During that time, Mrs. Wetzel was not only the only woman in the county but also the only physician.

"I looked over the health of the cowboys, but I never prescribed any toddlers," she said. "Hot ginger tea was my remedy, and I never lost a patient."

Mrs. Wetzel told of the annual parties each ranch gave. She said they were called "blow outs." She told of the fact that the LIT Ranch manager, "knowing the weakness of cowboys," made each boy walk a line on the floor before dancing started. If the cowboy couldn't put his

feet on the line, he was not allowed to dance that night.

* * *

THE FRYING PAN had its first party in the first week of January, 1884. Mrs. Wetzel said. She said her husband sent to Dodge City for oysters, and they arrived still frozen and delicious, having come by stage.

"The cook, whose name was Trescott, and I worked for a week baking, cooking, preparing for our party," she told Mrs. Currie.

People came from 80 miles away to attend the party. As they arrived, during the afternoon, they were served coffee and doughnuts and sandwiches. By nightfall, Mrs. Wetzel said, there were more than 75 guests, only 20 of whom were women.

Supper was served, then everyone danced all night, and breakfast was served before the guests left.

"Then for 10 days I was unable to wear anything on my feet but my husband's bedroom slippers," Mrs. Wetzel said.

* * *

A MR. BLOODWORTH, a Methodist, was the circuit rider at that time. Mrs. Wetzel said he visited them occasionally.

"One time when he was suffering from one of the plagues of Job. He had boils," she related.

"How I worked with him trying this and that until he was relieved. We held evening prayer service with the cowboys, then we would sing hymns until late."

Did she get homesick?

"Sometimes," Mrs. Wetzel admitted. "I tried never to let my husband see me cry. We had no piano or organ, of course, and when I was sure no one would see me, I would pretend the desk where my husband kept his papers was a piano. I would play and sing my homesickness away."

* * *

MRS. WETSEL SAID cowboys always stood until she was seated at table, and that she never had a discourteous word spoken in her presence.

"One cook, however, did give me a fright," she said. "I announced to him all the cowboys would be in from the roundup for supper. He was sullen when I asked him to have a good meal for them for a change from their regular camp food."

"He went to his room, loaded his gun, returned and set it in the corner of the kitchen. I asked him why he did this. No reply. Knowing he intended trouble and trying to avert it if possible, I ordered him to the door with his gun, told him to point it up and to shoot it empty. He did as I commanded. I have often wondered what I would have done had he refused."

* * *

IN 1887, THERE was an election for the county seat. One of the precinct voted at Mrs. Wetzel's home. A town site named Amarillo was selected.

In 1888, the Wetsels moved to the little town of Amarillo, and she lived there until her death in 1946 at the age of 87.

The story of her life, as preserved by Mrs. Currie, will be placed in the museum's interview files, a rich source for historians, students and writers seeking knowledge of the pioneer days in the Texas Panhandle.

Tri-State Scrapbook

Imogene Wynn Robertson,
1003 Adams Street, Amarillo,
Feb. 2, 1942:

Wellington was named by the Right Honorable Edward Majoribanks, Baron of Tweedmouth, and John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, in honor of the Duke of Wellington. These men bought land and formed the Rocking Chaire Ranch in 1883, the land lying between Wellington and Shamrock. . . After that, the heir to the title of Duke of Wellington gave up his castle in Ireland and all the pomp and money that went with it in order to become an American citizen. He lived with his daughter, Mrs. J. R. Morgan, of Shamrock, and died in her home in 1931. His name was Ormsby Wellington. I think a story of a man who gave up the right to be a duke so as to be a citizen of the United States is good to be told now when people are wondering what is the use of all this shooting."

(This was written years ago but does it not seem fitting for today?)—LAURA V. HAMNER

SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE ON THE FRYING PAN RANCH
AND OTHER STORIES, TOLD BY PIONEER WOMEN TO
MRS. BENJ. F. HARPER in 1937.

The old saying "Wild and Woolly Westerners" might well have applied to some of the men in West Texas in the early eighty's, but seldom to women; especially those living on the great ranches. Most of those had come from homes of culture and refinement, a type that sought to keep in touch with the outside world and the trend of fashions. Only recently I heard a pioneer ranch woman say, "I usually subscribed to two or more fashion magazines and studied them often and thoroughly, especially if I was contemplating a visit to relatives or friends who lived in the city." On such occasions the ranchman's wife or daughter desired to be not only well dressed, but in the latest fashion.

Mrs. W. W. Wetsel, who with her husband, came as a bride in 1882 from New York to live on the Frying Pan ranch, was of this type. Mr. Wetsel was manager and bookkeeper of the ranch, known as the "Panhandle" for the first two or three years, but is better known now as the "Frying Pan". It was founded in 1881 by Glidden and Sanborn, barbware manufacturers, who with the late William H. Bush (whose wife is the present owner) came to the ranch at that time, and had a six room adobe house, used as Headquarters, erected on the bank of the Las Tecovas Spring, an old Indian Trading Ground. (Las Tecovas means "tent" or covering or sack used for dried meat). The Las Trecovas Spring was one of the few sites that became a natural trading post

for the Indians bartering with Spanish settlers of the Southwest. Here, the Indians came with their stolen cattle or horses and pitched their tents near this spring of good water. 50

The Spaniards came in their broad brimmed sombreros, gaily colored scarfs and richly ornamented dress, bringing their wares of gaudy trinkets, butcher knives and buffalo robes for exchange. They mingled with the Indians in a colorful pageantry and at first would trade only for buffalo robes for small profits until some aspiring young Commanche met an equally ambitious Mexican trader in the shade of the cottonwood trees or lolling near the spring, then trading would become more brisk. Afterwards, perhaps the Indians would follow the Spaniards and re-steal all the cattle and horses they had traded them before the Spaniards could reach home.

Las Tecovas was twenty miles west of the site chosen five years later for the County seat of Potter County which is Amarillo.

The ranch contained 250,000 acres of land in Randall and Potter counties, and was stocked with 15,000 head of cattle. In 1882 the land was fenced with a four-wire fence, making it one of the first fenced cattle pastures in the Panhandle of Texas.

For sometime Mrs. Wetsel was the only woman in Potter County. Her nearest neighbors lived in Tascosa, twenty-five miles away. When she visited them, she had to ford the Canadian river, a treacherous, quick-sandy stream, which in those days was quite an adventure.

She recalls when Mr. Wetsel had a crew of Mexican laborers build the Rock house over the Spring, their only source of fresh drinking water. The water flowed from beneath a huge rock on the second embankment of the creek, wending its way over a rocky bed down to the canyon floor. All of the drinking water had to be carried from the Spring to the ranch house up a zig-zag path, worn deep by the passing of many feet of both men and beasts seeking its cool,

clear water. Sometimes men on horse back, usually cow-boys, came riding by to quench their thirst. They sought the main source, even though it was now covered over, the door was always open and a long-handled dipper in easy reach. Perhaps they found the drink more satisfying when they could see the crystal beads trickling from the dipper back into the pool, making little rings that broke against its rocky sides. The floor of the Spring-house was of natural, solid rock, worn out by the stream. It made an ideal place to keep milk and butter cool and sweet.

After the house was finished, Mr. Wetsel brought two sprouts of cotton-wood trees from the Palo Duro Canyon and planted them on either side of the door, and as the years passed these sprouts grew to be hugh trees, casting cool shade about them.

In the year 1887 things began to happen in West Texas. The Fort Worth and Denver Railroad was building diagonally across the Panhandle and towns were springing up. It looked as if the "cowboys' day" was drawing to a close. The cattlemen were fighting to hold their far-flung cattle kingdom against settlers. Potter County had called for an election to organize the county, to elect officials and select a County Seat. "That was an important day at the ranch", Mrs. Wetsel recalls, "but of course, no dress occasion." I always made my toilet as carefully each morning after I came to the ranch as I had when I lived in New York. But that morning I did add a few extra touches, for I knew there would be a lot of men coming and going all day." The election was called for the 6th of August, 1887. All day cowboys and cattlemen were hurrying in and out of the ranch house, their spurs jingling and their bootheels playing a merry tattoo on the board floors. The Berry and Merchant site was chosen for County Seat and the town of Amarillo came into existence.

Mr. and Mrs. Wetsel had planned a visit to New York, but first he would have to go to Las Vegas, New Mexico for supplies for the ranch and she said,

The courthouse, built in Old Town was constructed by Martin, Byrne and Johnston. The brick was made at a kiln at Cliffside. When ready a rail road track was laid and the brick brought to town by rail.

When the grand ball was given at the completion of the courthouse, Mr. and Mrs John Arnot happened to be passing through Amarillo, and it was from her dance program that I obtained the names of this committee in charge of intert-ainment.

Mrs. B. F. Harper

52

"He asked me, 'Would you like to go along and lay in a supply of new clothes before we go back East?' Of course I wanted to go, although Las Vegas was 250 miles away and most of the road over mountains, but we went in the buggy and when I think of it now, one could buy lovely materials for \$2.50 per yard; taffetas and velvets that were wonderful. But it took a lot of it and there had to be trimmings and linings and featherboning and goodness knows whatelse required for the styles of that day. After paying a dress maker around \$16.00 for making it, a good dress would cost something like \$65.00, but you really had something both durable and beautiful."

← After the setup of the new County Officials got in motion, the important question of a new Courthouse had to be settled. So they votēd bonds in 1888 for a \$33,000 brick building to be built in the old town of Amarillo. The building was accepted by the County Commissioners on May 15th, 1889. Immediately plans were made to give a grand ball for the opening event. No doubt this created more excitement among the female of the species, asking "What shall I wear" than any previous occasion in the history of Potter and the adjoining counties. The following committees were to have charge of the dance:

Reception Committee

A. H. Wallace H. H. Brooks
I. A. Hardin E. S. Rinehart
T. R. Hinkle H. K. Ricker
C. McNeil C. W. Gillispie
J. H. Willis

Floor Committee

George S. Berry C. I. Ware
E. L. Sturdivant H. R. Morrow
L. B. Collins W. C. Henderson
John Bain H. E. Siders
J. T. Holland

Mr. and Mrs. John Arnot, who at that time lived in Hutchinson County stopped over for the dance on their way to Mobeetie where Mr. Arnot had been summoned to appear as a witness in a horse stealing case. It was Mrs. Arnot who had kept her dance program forty-nine years and kindly loaned it to me to copy the names of the committees from it. (in 1938)

After the Wetsels returned from New York, they moved into town and Mr. Wetsel was elected Mayor of Amarillo. He served from 1892 to 1894.

The next day of importance recalled by the old timers, came on the Fourth of July, 1895, when Amarillo for the first time in her history was host to a Governor. At that time Gov. Charles A. Culberson came and made an address to the citizens of the Panhandle. In celebration of the occasion a barbecue dinner was served and all other things suitable to the day were crowded in. Several who attended have commented on this day and the preparation for the Governor's reception.

Mrs. H. A. Noble says that the day was just another such day as we had recently, when President Roosevelt honored this city with a visit: "a damp, bad day. It rained a little, snowed a little, then rained some more. We almost froze to death! We had barbecued beef with a load of other good things to eat, and the tables were spread under an arbor built for the occasion. I recall too, that Mrs. Beverly and I had a little difference of opinion on that day."

Mrs. Cora M. Beverly remembers "that the speaking in the morning was in the Opera House, then in the Bivins Building, located in the three hundred block on Polk Street. And, that the Arbor was trimmed with red, white, and blue bunting that when wet, faded and ran, dripping its patriotic colors on all who passed under it."

Mrs. Judge Veale recalls that the arbor was covered with boxing plank instead of brush, as we had first supposed, and that Judge Veale who was a friend of the Governor, had, with the assistance of Judge Plemmons, introduced the speaker. During the Governor's speech, he said, "I have always heard that you could produce anything on these Plains. I have come, and seen, and I know now that you can -- even to snow in July".

Mr. W. H. Fuqua thought the arbor was built on the location of the White and Kirk building. Others thought that it was farther south and west. All agree that it is hard to tell since the city has grown from a cow town to a city of fifty thousand in fifty years.

Mrs. Wetsel had a lot of trouble that day trying to get a cab to take her home so that she and her small son could change from summer to winter clothes.

Mrs. Beverly was looking quite smart in a new sailor hat and a dark suit with leg-o-mutton sleeves. Her crisp white collars and cuffs were immaculate that morning when she met Mrs. H. A. Noble, who was looking pretty, plump, and adorable in a new dress too. Mrs. Beverly said, "I knew she had put in as much time with the curling iron over the kitchen lamp as I had, but all through the noon hour the rain continued and while walking around under the arbor, I came face to face with Mrs. Noble again; such a change! Her hair was wet and stringy, her dress limp, and she was eating a piece of barbecued beef rib. I looked her over, then said severely, (with the liberty of a close friend) "You are the worst looking thing I ever saw". She did not say anything for a minute and I thought maybe I had hurt her feelings, but when she looked up at me, there was a twinkle of deviltry in her eyes, and she said pointedly, 'I guess you havn't seen yourself since you left home'."

A few hours more and another important day had passed into the history of Amarillo. ~~The curtain dropped, scenes shifted -- other actors came to take their places and the play goes on.~~ Fifty-six years have passed since the first woman came as a bride to live in Potter County. Years that apparently have dealt kindly with Mrs. Wetsel. Yet -- they have marked many changes in the Panhandle country. They have seen the passing of many of the great ranches and the enormous herds of cattle.

Some twelve years ago, Mrs. William H. Bush had a marble slab engraved with a brief history of the Frying Pan ranch placed on the rocks in front of the old Spring house, where the two gnarled cottonwood trees stand guard over the last signs of habitation left on the old ranch today. (1938)

MONUMENTS AND MARKERS OF POTTER AND RANDALL COUNTIES
OF THE TEXAS PANHANDLE

by

MRS. B. F. HARPER.

In a recent report sent by Mrs. B. F. Harper, historian for the Llano Estacado Chapter to the State Historian of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Austin, there is a heartening reminder that we are not the first who have had to fight for our freedom of life on the Great Plains of Texas, nor is the present emergency more serious than the dangers that were faced almost daily by the valiant men who first settled here.

The report, which will also be sent to the office of Historian General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is part of a new project being instituted by that organization, whereby an effort will be made to mark all historical places and have all markers recorded. This is a worthwhile program in perpetuating the history and traditions of the plains country, but the thing that makes the recent report on historic landmarks of such timely interest to every one in the Panhandle are the stories contained in this report, reminding us that our present way of life was won for us through the labors and sacrifices of an earlier generation.

This report contains the story of the first dwelling ever built in the Panhandle. The house still stands, itself a monument to the dauntless courage of its builders, and to their unbounded confidence in the future of the Great Staked Plains. It was in 1878 that Leigh Dyer, a brother-in-law

of Col. Goodnight, built a two-room log house, which later became ranch headquarters for the old T Anchor Ranch. Col. Goodnight had built a pole house in 1876 on his J A Ranch in the Palo Duro Canyon. The Dyer house was located at Spring Draw, just above the junction of the Palo Duro and Tierra Blanco Creeks in Randall County.

In 1879 the ranch was first surveyed. The land held by the Dyer Brothers, Leigh and Walter, was located on open range, and the outfit really pioneered in establishing ranch holdings in this part of the state.

Late in 1879, the Dyers sold their rights in the land to Gunter and Munson who, the following year, stocked the land with 3600 cattle, a remuda of horses, wagons, men, and supplies. From that time until the early 90's, when the old T Anchor was finally closed our, ownership of this early ranch changed hands a number of times, and all the while the old T Anchor cowboys, who worked and sweated and fought for their outfit, made history day by day, and through those years helped to establish the cattle empire that we cherish as our home today.

After the T Anchor had passed into history, the old house that had been headquarters for the ranch, became a part of West Texas State College, since it stands today on the land that is the experimental farm of that school. Sturdily built, it has become a part of this very modern educational institution, a daily reminder to us that the building we do now must stand also for future generations.

Three years after the T Anchor Headquarters were established, another white settlement was made in the Panhandle at Las Tecovas Spring. The spring had long been the site of a trading post for Indians and Spanish settlers of the Southwest because, with the cool fresh waters of the spring and the shade of the trees, it afforded an ideal camping place for the traders to pitch their tents of buffalo skins. The name, itself, Tecovas, means tent or cover-

ing, and was derived from the camps made there. Here Indians rounded up their herds of horses, (often stolen from the white settlers) which they bartered to the Spanish traders who congregated there in all their colorful regalia, bringing with them a stock of knives, beads, and calico to be traded to the Indians.

However, while Las Tecovas Spring had been a gathering place for many years, a permanent settlement was not made until 1881, when Glidden and Sanborn built an adobe house to serve as ranch headquarters for their outfit. Warren W. Wetsel was made manager and bookkeeper for the ranch, and in July of 1882 he brought his young bride, Catherine Wetsel, whose home had been in the state of New York, to live with him in this rugged country.

Mrs. Wetsel was only nineteen years old, reared in the security and comfort of a state that had long been settled and was well developed. She traveled by train from New York to Dodge City, Kansas, by stage from there to Mobeetie, and by buckboard from Mobeetie to the new settlement at Las Tecovas Spring, a tiny spot in the midst of a vast unsettled, unmarked country. For several months she and her husband lived in a tent pitched against a rock ledge while their six-room adobe house was being completed. Her nearest neighbor was twenty-five miles distant, in the stirring frontier town of Tascosa. Supplies came at irregular intervals by lumbering freight wagons. But if Catherine Wetsel ever rebelled at the hardships of her life, at the loneliness, at the deprivations, she never let it be known at the happy, hilarious gatherings that were later held in her new home.

The fact that this pioneer woman and her family faced life on the plains with the confidence and courage that were required to win through toward the building of our present way of life has been recorded on a simple marker, built into the front wall of the rock house that was built over the spring. The small piece of granite is engraved with the outstanding facts of history connected with this cherished spot. The marble slab which was placed there

about 1925 by Mrs. William H. Bush, owner of the Frying Pan Ranch, records, for example, the fact that when the first election in Potter County was held in 1887, this was one of the two voting places; another at the L X Ranch.

Things had been happening in the Panhandle about that time. The Ft. Worth and Denver had built a track diagonally across the Panhandle and little town had sprung up beside it. Settlers decided it was time to hold an election to determine the site of a county seat for Potter County. And so the first election was held, voted cast in the dining room of the Wetsel home. The Berry and Merchant site was chosen for the county seat, and in 1888 bonds were voted to erect a court house, which was finally completed in 1889.

Following Mr. Wetsel as manager of what was, by that time, known as the Frying Pan Ranch, was Harry Beverley. Mr. Beverley's wife and his daughter, (Mrs. Albert Bivins later) became charter members of the Llano Estacado Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. For a long time the ranch holdings remained intact, and owners and cowboys worked faithfully for the permanence and security of an established cattle industry on the plains.

Woven in with the history of the Frying Pan Ranch is the history of barbed wire, and the beginning of fenced ranges. Whether the inventor of barbed wire, J. F. Glidden and his partner, Henry B. Sanborn, realized the extent to which their invention would revolutionize the cattle industry or not, the fact remains that barbed wire was first tried out on the Frying Pan Ranch, and that following its success there it was introduced rapidly to other parts of the cattle country. A forty mile drift fence by Charles Goodnight came next.

Before the invention had been made, cattle had drifted in the face of severe blizzards in the winter time all the way from Wyoming to the Pease River. In the spring hugh round-ups would be held and all the cattle would be returned to the owners of their brands. This was a costly and tedious

task every year, but until barbed wire had proved its worth, no way seemed feasible to stop this annual migration of stock.

Then Mr. Sanborn decided to try out Mr. Glidden's invention on the Frying Pan Ranch, which they owned. A small pasture was strung with new wire, and stock was rounded up and driven into the enclosure. At first the animals were frantic at finding themselves closed in, and many of them ran against the barbs in the fence, and suffered for it. Soon, however, they accepted their restricted grazing, and the use of barbed wire spread to other ranches, and a new era in cattle raising had begun.

Trees, transplanted with loving care to a new and barren land, often bear witness to man's sheer determination to establish a new home with all the beauties of the land he has left behind him, and such trees become, in themselves, a monument to his courage and confidence in the future.

Such a tree may be seen today on the Northeast corner of Sixth and Fillmore. Perhaps it is the oldest tree in Amarillo. At least, its story began with the tiny little settlement that was Amarillo in 1891. The tree was brought by Mrs. G. K. Whitcomb from her old home, transplanted and nurtured with care in the front yard of her new home in a country where a tree must have seemed a real treasure. At this site the Whitcomb family made its home, and the branches of that tree sheltered the five children; Beulah, Harry, Addie, Hugh, and Guy at their play. Whether or not it is the oldest tree in Amarillo today, certainly no other tree is loaded with such rich memories, for the Whitcomb family has played an honored role in the years of Amarillo's history.

And now, we come to a more modern monument, the statue of a doughboy, placed on the Auditorium lawn in memoriam to the heroes of the Panhandle in the First World War. However diligently we contribute to the present war effort, we can not calim to be pioneers in the struggle to establish the four

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freedom for the world. Going before us were the men who, twenty-five years ago, carried their part of the fight for freedom.

This statue, the bronze figure of a doughboy, standing six and a half feet high, is posed on top of a huge boulder that was taken from a Panhandle canyon. The inscription on the boulder reads: "In Honor of the Panhandle Boys of the World War I, erected by Llano Extacado Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Dedicated Armistice Day, 1928.

And so, in the record sent to the State Historian of this organization, we read the story of a noble people, bent on building the sweeping plains of the Texas Panhandle into a great and wonderful empire. These stories have been kept for us, a monument to the courage of the pioneers of the Panhandle, and a lasting inspiration to us in the days of our own trial.

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It is followed by a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and a list of the names of the persons who have been engaged in the work.

The second part of the report deals with the financial statement of the year. It gives a detailed account of the income and expenditure of the organization and shows how the funds have been used. It also gives a list of the names of the persons who have been engaged in the work.

The third part of the report deals with the work done during the year. It gives a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. It also gives a list of the names of the persons who have been engaged in the work.

The fourth part of the report deals with the work done during the year. It gives a detailed account of the various projects and the results achieved. It also gives a list of the names of the persons who have been engaged in the work.

THE TOAST

It Is Thought

/ This is the Toast given by A. M. Beville, Sr. at Clarendon, Texas in honor of Judge J. N. Browning when he was elected Lieutenant Governor of Texas, in 1897.

"THE FAIR TOTER AND PROMOTER"

Mr. Toastmaster, Neighbors and Friends: One of the surest means of finding a Man, is to follow the traces he has made, and so reach to the performance of the acts of his life, then we shall be able to measure and weigh the results, test all, separate and put away the bad, but preserve forever the good, to the honor and glory of the Creator and our body and souls.

Having traced, measured, weighed and tested the acts done by our neighbor and friend, The Hon. Judge J. N. Browning, for nearly twenty years, he is our honored guest this evening; the results of his acts are overwhelmingly good, and so we here and now say he is a "fair Toter".

"Whose wit excelled the wits of men as far
as the sun rising, doth obscure the stars".

By example and practice, in every day, month and year, that came, passed and joined the train of departed opportunities, our friend and neighbor has proved the virtue of industry to be far higher and helpful than finest gold.

To my mind the great need of our people of Texas, and in particular the citizens of the Panhandle, is industry. Many of the naturally most favored parts of our land are sparsely settled and comparatively poor, while other poorer parts have large population, rich cities, built by the industry of the people.

Once a rule of law was made that none of the natural products, raw material, as we say, should be taken away -- not until it had passed through the factory, foundry or mill, so that the home people would have every benefit possible to obtain, by their united industry.

This was in one of the lesser Kingdoms of Southern Europe. Such has

been the advice of ancients to those who would have a rich country and fair cities. Let the people get good trades privileges and artificers and suffer no rude material, such as iron, wool, leather, etc., to be transported out of the State, because industry of men and multitude of trade so much avails to the ornament and enriching of a state.

The ancient Massillians would admit no man into their cities who had not some trade. The first Turkish Emperor procured a thousand good artificers to be brought from Tauris to Constantinople. The renowned King Edward the Third brought to Great Britain the first clothing and transported artificers from foreign lands.

If industry is universal with our people, the natural wealth of our land will amply reward all efforts, and the dream of the "promotor" who viewed this goodly heritage to all of our people -- will prove to us its truth, and that our guest as a "promotor" was most positively a truthful James.

To tell the true facts of our daily life since we met in the village once on the shores of Red River,

"Through such a train of words if I should run,
The night would sooner than the tale be done."

Home Life on Early Ranches of Southwest Texas

CHAPTER VI

Osiah Claiborne Traylor Calhoun-Jackson Counties

WHEN the Civil War ended and the slaves were freed and the "Old Plantation" days were forever ended for many of the big planters of the South, Josiah Claiborne Traylor, of Jasper, Texas, disposed of his other holdings in that section of the State as best he could, giving possession of his home on January 1, 1866. Then he loaded his household goods and family into covered wagons and started for Jackson county, Texas, with a somewhat diminished purse but with the indomitable courage of the early pioneers.

He was a well educated gentleman of English descent. He married Mary Keith (of the Beaumont Keiths of Georgia) about 1856. This was his second marriage. She was a cultured, gracious, charming Southern woman who directed her well appointed home as Southern women can do with a retinue of colored slaves. But when the slaves were freed, her courage equalled that of her husband in her determination to do her share in their new life.

They had traveled but a few days when it became necessary to camp for a while in order to receive a visit from the stork. So, Josephine, who later married Dr. J. T. Brooking, arrived in time to accompany the family to their new home at Texana, former county seat of Jackson county and near the present site of Ada.

Mr. Traylor established a small store. He bought cattle brands and started in the cattle business in a small way. It was here that his wife died.

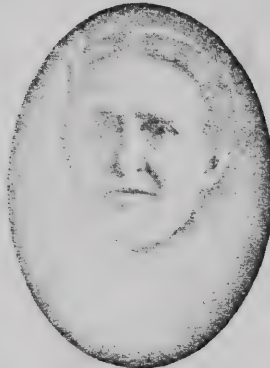
In 1870 he married Charlotte Sheppard. From 1866-1876 his cattle were on the open range but in 1875 he bought the Swan Lake pasture located in Calhoun and Jackson counties and containing between 25,000 and 30,000 acres of land. It received its name because it contained a lake on which 14 swans usually spent the winter. Mr. Traylor built one of the first board fences in that section.

He built a big beautiful two-story ranch home on a high bluff that overlooked three bodies of water—the Lavaca River, Lavaca Bay and Swan Lake. It was cool and there was a good view from every window.

Big freight boats went up the river to Texana and returned to Indianola once each week until Indianola was destroyed during the storm of 1886. These boats brought mail and also picked up outgoing mail at the landing each trip. A white flag was the signal to stop for mail.

"The mother is the one who holds the children together and makes the home" is a traditional remark. But Mr. Traylor evidently was also a home-maker. There never any quarreling among the sets of children and they all loved step-mothers, especially the last who lived several years after Mr. Traylor's death.

My only unpleasant recollection was that I had to wear the hand-me-down clothes, because I was one of the young-



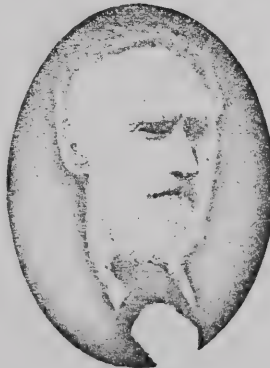
MRS. CHARLOTTE SHEPPARD TRAYLOR

est," recalled Josephine. "And we had such good times at home."

"One would have never realized there had been a step-mother in the family," stated Mrs. W. L. Traylor, wife of W. L. Traylor, a son who still lives on the ranch.

While the children were at home under the care of "Ma" as they affectionately called her, Mr. Traylor was busy looking after his store and his rapidly increasing cattle holdings. He would frequently leave before daylight and not return until after dark. While he was not a physician he had studied medicine and he always found time to nurse the sick in the community.

The Traylor family were never lonely. They played croquet, checkers, authors, rowed boats, rode horseback, hunted and fished. Each had special home duties for which he was responsible. There were nearly always four of the girls at home. Two of them looked after the work in the kitchen and two after the house. They had a cook most of the time and nearly always had the washing and ironing done by a negro woman. Occasionally, however, they were without help but these were the gayest days in the week. The boys helped and they made a lark of it, though it was a big job. White ruffled shirts worn by the boys and the numerous ruffled skirts worn by the women of the family made



JOSIAH CLAIBORNE TRAYLOR

By MYRTLE MURRAY

District Agent, Extension Service
College Station, Texas

ironing a big job even though they had fun doing it.

Josephine Traylor—Mrs. J. T. Brooking—did not learn to cook as early as some of the girls because she was younger. But it was "Jody, will you please bring a bucket of water?" So she was kept busy and enjoyed the fun with the older children while they worked.

Mrs. Traylor managed everything smoothly. She always carried the keys to the large pantry and dealt out to the negroes the food she wanted them to have each day. Mr. Traylor was kind but very firm with the children. He always wore a coat at the table and would not wear darned socks. He was proud, well educated, and was careful about the language they used. It was his determination that the children should have the best advantages of that time. Although they lived rather an isolated life for several years the children were taught to observe certain formalities that some people left off during the hardships of the early pioneer days. Each child was dressed and properly groomed for the day before he appeared at the breakfast table. Both parents instilled into the children an appreciation of the refinements and courtesies that are essential evidences of a cultured and educated individual. He always impressed upon the girls that they were ladies and insisted that they keep their hands nicely.

Another indication of Mr. Traylor's interest in the development of the community and welfare of the other children was in providing the same educational opportunities for them that he provided for his own. He employed a governess to stay in the home and teach them. During the school term 20 people usually ate there, for the neighbor children boarded with him and attended school. A big room was set aside as a class room where each day from 8 o'clock until 4:30 they followed a regular schedule. The teachers were very thorough. One of the Traylor children declares she "went through fractions 13 times." They also received instructions in piano and voice. Plays and programs were frequently put on, to which the parents were invited. When the children were ready for higher education some of them attended school in Virginia, some at a Methodist College in Waco, and in Victoria. "School away" was considered a finishing school. All of the children received some musical training. And Miss Josephine taught music at Coronal Institute at San Marcos and also studied art there.

The family probably had much the same troubles that other pioneer families had to combat, especially after the storm of 1886 during which Indianola was destroyed. Mr. Traylor was at home at the time. The hardest part of it occurred during the day, though every member of the family had gotten up during the night and dressed. They could watch the waves from their high viewpoint on the bluff that overlooked



The Old Traylor Home on Swan Lake Ranch

Left to right on the porch are Adeline, now Mrs. H. C. Coates, Edna, Texas; Miss Lida Hewitt, a teacher on the home. Downstairs are Olive, later Mrs. W. R. Sells; Laura May, later Mrs. LaBauve, both of whom are dead, and Josephine, who married Dr. J. T. Brooking, and who still lives with her son on part of the old Traylor Ranch. J. C. Traylor, with the baby, Charlotte Lillian, in his arms, and his last wife, Mrs. Charlotte Sheppard Traylor.

the three bodies of water. The waves were beautiful, even when the family could almost feel the walls of the house move.

After this storm the great steamships quit coming into Indianola and the boats quit going up and down the river. It was harder to get mail and to get groceries. Much of the shopping had to be done in Victoria which at that time was a long hard trip.

Mr. Traylor was resourceful and a good manager. He raised vegetables—

okra, beans, cabbage, turnips and greens; also watermelons, peaches and plums. There were nearly always an abundance of wild grapes and dewberries in season. Mrs. Traylor made preserves and kept it in stone jars with a cloth tied tightly around each jar.

The Traylor family were noted for their hospitality. They would frequently entertain ten to fifteen guests for two weeks at a time, even without a cook. Ham or steak, eggs, potatoes, biscuit and always syrup, jelly or preserves were always included in the breakfast menu. Three kinds of meat, and two kinds of bread in addition to all sorts of other good dishes were served for dinner. There was usually an abundance of wild turkey, deer and plenty of fish. When the children and guests heard the grinding of the coffee in the morning they knew that was the signal to get up.

The house did not have screens. One of the smaller children usually had to "shew" the flies off the table, probably with a Chinaberry limb. Dishwashing was the biggest job when they had lots of company and did not have help. However, they all helped and made a lark of it.

Mr. Traylor was a very progressive man of his time. He never liked to be in debt. He tried to provide all the conveniences that would make the work easier. He rigged up a Dutch windmill to grind corn meal, grits and chicken feed. It had wind sails that turned the mill. People came from Edna, Ganado, and Matagorda to see it operate. The blacksmith work was done on the place. Mr. Traylor usually did it himself and wore a white shirt at the time.

Specialized in Cattle

He planted corn to feed stock and to make a crop "next year." But his main business was cattle. His son, W. L., and grandson still live on part of the ranch on which large herds of whiteface cattle graze. The old Traylor brand, which is one of the oldest in the country, is still used by them. His older boys "went up the trail" while Mr. Traylor looked after his interests at home. The women folks did not worry, though they could not hear from them for weeks at a time. If it was the Lord's will they would return. Otherwise there was not anything they could do about it. And trusting in the Lord was not a

thing in the Traylor home to lean upon in times of trouble only. Each Sunday morning services were held in the parlor. Not a child was excused from attending these services. Mr. Traylor and his son, Robert Keith, conducted the Sabbath devotions, or taught the lessons. Each read a verse of the Scripture lesson, both the parents taking part. The children staying in the home for school, all attended. They enjoyed the music. The girls were all good musicians. The boys played the violin, accordion and harmonica.

The children all loved their home. While the boys helped their father with the 10,000 head of cattle that usually were on the ranch, the girls were busy with household duties, or doing fine embroidery or other fancy work and sewing for the family. They were great readers, and entertained lavishly for that day. They gave dances, and they visited quite a bit. One of the boys especially was always ready to take his fiddle on one side of the saddle and croquet set on the other to any place the young people wished to get together.

In answer to my question as to why she thought the children got along so well with each other, Mrs. Brooking replied, "When a woman married in those days her object was to make a home—a pleasant home. She thought it all out before she married in order that she could more nearly create a picture of harmony. Naturally she tried to keep her home neat and orderly. Her children were neat. She taught them to love and respect their father. He was the head of the house. She and the children did everything to make him comfortable and happy. So he, too, loved his home."

But the last Mrs. Traylor probably summed it all up when some one asked her how she ever made up her mind to marry a man with two sets of children, and who was several years her senior, when she replied, "I loved Mr. Traylor well enough to share his responsibilities."

The children by Mr. Traylor's first wife, Mrs. Jimima Harrison Traylor, are all dead. They were Chas. Wesley, Richard Benjamin, Josiah Claiborne, Champion Travis, and Sarah Ann. The children by his second wife, Mrs. Mary Keith Traylor, were: Robert Keith Traylor, San Antonio; Adeline Alabama, married H. C. Coates and lives in Edna; Mary Emily, dead; Regina married Dr. Beauregard, Edna, is dead; Olive Azeik, married W. R. Sells, Orange, is dead; Josephine, married Dr. J. T. Brooking, near Olivia and still lives with her son on part of the old Traylor ranch; John Traylor, dead.

The children by the third wife, Mrs. Charlotte Sheppard Traylor, are: William Lee Traylor, who still lives on the old Traylor ranch near Port Lavaca; Laura May, married Dr. LaBauve, dead; Charlotte Lillian married L. D. Hensley and still lives near Carancahua Bay.



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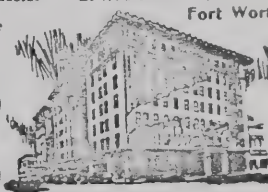
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Portrait of a Pioneer

By Margaret B. Ward and Anna Nolan Clark

ALWAYS there had been a Mary Todhunter! In every generation, as far back as history and tradition went, each family had its little Mary.

In Virginia, in the old plantation days, there was always a young Miss Mary growing up to inherit the loveliness, the charm and grace of all the older Marys.

The Todhunter boys, too, had their traditions to follow. Todhunters always had been fighters. There had been Todhunters in the Revolutionary War, in the War of 1812, in the Mexican War under old Zachary Taylor. When there were no wars in which to fight, no rights to make triumphant over wrongs, they fought the wilderness, hewing out new plots of land to till, building new homes, opening new country.

Into these homes they brought their wives; they brought also the family customs of gentle living, the family pride in themselves as Todhunters. Into these homes their children were born and bred to send out roots into farther wildernesses.

And always there was a Mary Todhunter!

In North Carolina, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, in Missouri, some little Mary scattered her toys over the uneven stones on the hearth of a pioneer home. Some little Mary Todhunter born to carry the torch of breeding and charm of all the Marys behind her!

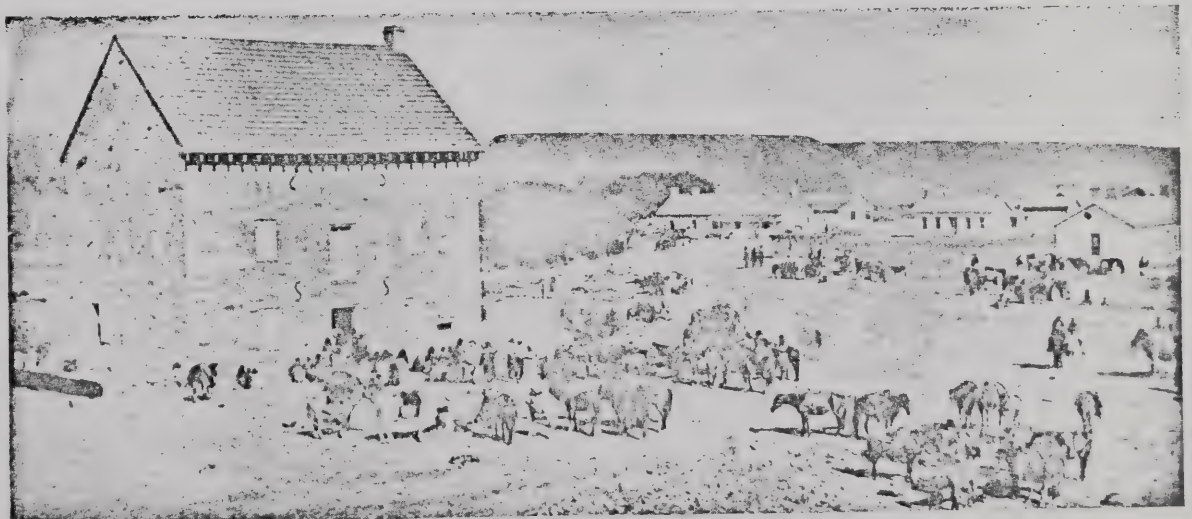


The last Mary Todhunter in Missouri, then, was the daughter-in-law of its Governor, but her little namesake opened eyes on a September day of 1860 in a sod shanty on a Kansas homestead.

The new Mary's father, Evan Todhunter, and his brother, Devoe, true to their blood, had left the comfortable family home near Carthage, Missouri, and were bartering their young strength and their young hopes for a homesite on the stubborn, wild grass prairie of Kansas. It was hard going, even for young men whose inheritance was the hardiness of pioneers; it was hard going for their young wives, even though the courage of generations of women had taught them the duty of placing their feet in the footprints of their husbands. Time and faith and willingness they had in abundance, but money was short. It took money to buy lumber to build decent houses to live in, money to buy food to live on before the harvests of the first meager crops, money for clothing, money for oxen, for horses, for milk cows, for farm equipment, for seed. The family home in Missouri was prosperous in stock, in food, in shelter, but not in cold, hard cash.

Evan Todhunter had great dreams of what the Kansas homestead would grow to be. He had great dreams for his little Mary. Life must be easier for her than it had been

Early day Cimarron—typical frontier post



for her mother. She must take her rightful place in the long line of Marys, a belle of the countryside. And his young wife shared his dreams as she shared his hardships and his discouragements.

It was hard going and slow, too. Work and sweat, dreams and faith meant little against the relentless need of the things that money could buy.

In 1862 the second child, Rachael, was born and shortly afterward Evan caught the gold fever and joined an expedition to Pike's Peak, determined to find gold for the necessary money to carry on. In this he was fairly successful, and from time to time sent back small bags of gold dust and gold nuggets to help his own and his brother's families on the Kansas homestead. Times improved. There was a good crop year. Devoe used the money Evan sent to buy things that were needed and to hire men to help him farm. The house was rebuilt, made larger, more comfortable, more attractive. Floors were laid in all rooms, even the kitchen had its beautiful, smooth floor of wide, pine boards. The sisters-in-law worked together. They cooked and scrubbed and mended, and if Mary's mother felt weak and ill, no one but herself ever knew it. She did her share of the work, and more, and never complained.

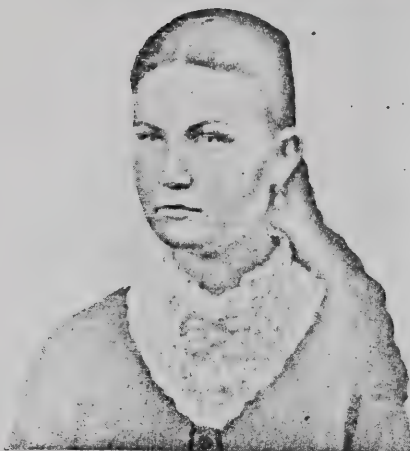
Evan stayed West, and although he continued to send back gold and the homestead thrived, his wife missed him with a widening sense of loneliness and need.

Gradually the surrounding country became more thickly settled. Other families moved in and drew near in neighborliness, striving to ease the ache of lean and lonely prairie living. When work was slack they visited back and forth and had picnics and suppers, spelling bees and singing school. For picnics and suppers the women outdid themselves in new and delicious ways of preparing what food there was at hand. Apples were spiced and stewed, made into jam and jelly, into pies and fritters. Potatoes blossomed into a salad and were eaten by the men folks with mirthful relish. There was great rivalry in spelling and singing, each family trying to have at least one outstanding member.

The Todhunter women planned a quilting bee like those they used to have at home in Missouri. Neighbors for miles around were asked, and anticipation was high for parties were rare. The house was cleaned from floors to ceilings and pies, cakes, cookies and sugar breads were baked to sweet smelling tastiness.

Guests were to come early, and while it was still dark the women were up, bustling around putting the finishing touches on everything and urging Devoe and the hired hands to hurry the morning chores.

To the excited women, Devoe was exasperatingly slow. He stopped to toss little Mary ceiling high and bounce her down again, laughing and red cheeked beside the sleeping Rachael. He stopped to pinch his wife's cheek and to tease his sister-in-law as she knelt by the bucket of wet ashes scouring the new, already white boards of the kitchen floor. "I declare, honey," he told her with the soft slur of his Virginia ancestors, "you women folks will wear this floor



Mary Todhunter Curtis at 16

out with your ever-lasting scrubbing." Then he walked, tall and straight like all the Todhunter men, across the kitchen and into the lean-to for the milking pails. In a second he was back into the kitchen again, calling to his wife that there was a wolf out by the barn and he had come back for his gun. The gun was kept by the kitchen safe, and as he excitedly caught it up it went off, killing him instantly. The two women stood speechless watching him as he fell, watching the dark patch under him spread slowly over the white scrubbed boards of the kitchen floor.

Devoe was dead and Evan's wife knew with a dull certainty that she, too, someday, somehow, would have but little longer with her own dear husband. She

wrote to him, sitting there at the kitchen table with yesterday's brave array of party baking pushed, forgotten, aside. And her precise, delicate handwriting seemed to come alive on the paper, begging him, the father of her children, to let gold go and return to them at once. Then in a frenzy of eagerness to see him she took her two babies and traveled alone back to Missouri to await him there.

Evan came as quickly as he could, and they decided not to return to the Kansas homestead but to stay for awhile in Missouri. Before the year was out, Jim was born and the mother, never very strong, now grew steadily weaker. Little Mary was almost five years old. She had the pretty ways and the winsome gaiety of all the Mary Todhunters, and her father and mother spent many long evenings planning for her and for Rachael and Jim. Mary loved her mother devotedly and was constantly at her side.

Two years passed and in 1866 when the fourth child was born, the mother called Mary and Rachael to her and told them smilingly to be good girls. Then she died. Little Mary was too young to know that death meant grief. She was happy because her mother was beautiful in a white dress. She was happy because, although only a baby, she realized that her mother was at rest with pretty things around her.

All the rest of her life she was to remember her mother, smilingly telling her to be good, and then, beautifully sleeping, dressed in white.

Evan Todhunter sent his four babies to his mother after the death of his wife, and for the next two years they lived with her in a big, white house with a wide, vine-shaded gallery around it. For these two years they played in their grandmother's garden and the rows of hollyhocks, and bouncing bets and bachelor buttons reminded Mary of her mother, perhaps because they too, looked pretty and happy.

All the Todhunters were good to the four motherless babies. They petted and spoiled them and tried to make up to them for the loss of the mother who had been too tired to stay. Their

(Continued on Page 37)



Portrait of a Pioneer

(Continued from Page 25)

great uncle, Colonel Thurston Todhunter, rode them on his knee, let them play with his gold headed cane and told them stories of the Todhunters of other days.

Mary was happy in her grandmother's home, but she did not forget her mother and the little things and the little ways that had made her mother so dear to her.

Then Evan married again, a widow with a boy and a girl of her own. Mary resented them bitterly.

The stepmother was energetic and ambitious. She was a good woman, but she seemed hard to the little girl who had become used to being grandmother's darling. The little Todhunters were taken to their new home and life rapidly changed for them. Here there were to be no more idle hours of playing in a garden or listening to tales of illustrious forebears. The stepmother was not unkind, but she possessed an unwavering desire to get ahead. Life, to her, was a chain of ever-lasting, never ending chores to be done with dispatch and thoroughness. Mary was now eight years old, a likely age for learning that life was a serious matter.

The new home was a low rambling house slumbering in the shade of tall hickory trees. At one end in an opening between the trees where it could catch all the moisture possible, stood the ash hopper on its sturdy legs, which to the little Mary took on the appearance of an ungainly, long-billed bird ever hungry for the countless pans of ashes emptied into it. On Saturdays, all the pewter ware was brought from the house and cleaned from the lye of the ash hopper and this was little Mary's job. On Saturdays, too, the yard must be swept and Mary and her sister Rachael, dressed in high-waisted crinolines and pinafores, their little feet encased in high topped, copper-toed boots, their heavy hair drawn back tight in two thick braids, hurried along in the widening path of their twig-tied brooms cleaning the yard of every leaf and stick and stone.

Every day in the week had its allotted tasks and every hour in the day had its time for doing them. Mary looked forward to summer twilights for then she and Rachael were sent to bring the cows in from pasture. Then the sun hung low over the lush green fields, the cows walked placidly through the knee-high grass leaving trails of crushed, fresh strawberries in their wake. Birds sang their evening songs and sunlight faded from gold to gray. The children ate sweet berries to their heart's content and lingered behind the slow moving cows. Far away, dogs barked faintly. Smoke from the farm house chimney curled lazily upward. No difference what the work of the day had been, this was the end. Bringing the cows home at evening was like a caress from the mother who had told her little girl to be good before she had gone away.

But Father Todhunter grew restless at such well-ordered existence. He fretted to go West again, to fight new land and tame it into planted fields. His wife consented. They would all go, she decided, and straightway began preparations for the journey.

Men who had gone over the western trail were consulted, and every precaution was taken to ensure safety. A few other families joined them and when they were ready to start they had a caravan of fifteen wagons.

thirty oxen and a few saddle horses for the scouts and guides.

At first the children were sad to leave the rambling old house and especially the pastures where so many happy hours had been spent, but once the wagon train had started, all sorrow was forgotten as they gazed spell-bound at the sleepy-eyed oxen. The oxen were so big, so stupid looking, so dumbly strong and yet they quickly obeyed the slightest command.

The first few days passed uneventfully, and the children tired of the monotonous jolting of the huge wagons over the rough ruts of the trail. The active little Mary could not sit still for long, and she coaxed to be permitted to drive. Finally her stepmother consented, gave her the reins, and climbed over the high-backed seat, thankful to rest on the soft feather mattress on the bed of the wagon. Mary, with poke bonnet askew, spread wide her skirts and shouted to the oxen with all her might. She ate bits of corn pone, jerky and dried fruit like the other wagon drivers to "keep up her strength." The afternoon dragged on, hot and drowsy, the wagon swayed and rocked like a cradle. Mary's head nodded lower and lower and the Todhunter wagon moved slower and slower. Other wagons passed it, not noticing the tired little girl sitting so straight on the high wagon seat and sleeping so peacefully. The wheels of the wagon rolled closer and closer to the edge of a deep ravine. Just as the wagon gave a sickening lurch, one of the scouts who happened to be riding by saw it and stopped the oxen with a frightened cry. Little Mary awakened and with one mortified look clambered over the back of the seat and hid her burning face in her stepmother's skirts.

It was spring when the journey began and the country along the Arkansas River was abloom with wild flowers. Small game birds scarcely moved as the caravan went jolting across the rocky fords. Dark masses of buffalo covered the tall, waving grasses with their shadows.

One evening, in the distance, a camp fire was sighted and quick preparations were made by the travelers to guard against an attack by Indians. However, upon drawing nearer they saw the campers were not Indians but trail men dressed in fringed buckskin suits. They welcomed the travelers to their fire and exchanged with them news of the trail as they basted the buffalo meat turning on a spit over the glowing coals. At first the strangers, with their bushy faces and keen eyes, frightened Mary, but when one of the men gave her a piece of biscuit sopped in the rich, red drippings of buffalo meat friendship was established.

The men were buffalo hunters, and the travelers stayed the night and the following day at their camp. None of the children wanted to leave for buffalo meat was a treat, and besides they had become completely attached to an old mule belonging to the hunters. The old mule had been trained to help the buffalo skimmers in their work. With the aid of a singletree from some wrecked prairie schooner the old mule could skin an entire buffalo in a incredibly short time. The tree was placed beneath the body of the slain animal which had been slit lengthwise and the mule gave a quick, short jerk and there lay the skinned carcass, one of the many hundreds which dotted the plains in every direction as far as the eye could reach and the nose could follow.

Soon they were in the heart of the buffalo

country and it became no novelty to see piles of dried buffalo hides higher than houses, awaiting the wagons which were to haul them away to the little village of Pueblo where they were packed in freight cars and shipped to the East.

When the journey had begun the people had been constantly on the watch for Indians, but as time passed and they were not molested, they stopped worrying about the redskins and began to enjoy the changes of scenery. Golden autumn leaves were falling when the worn out oxen pulled their weary loads into the village of Pueblo.

The place was bursting with activity and everywhere log cabins were being rushed to completion. Father Todhunter was offered work, but at first he declined for he had made up his mind to become a buffalo hunter, an idea which his wife opposed with quiet determination. At last, to keep the family peace, he accepted work at a sawmill on far-away Greenhorn Mountain. Several other immigrant families were going there also to work, so they banded together and made the trip to their new home. It was late fall when they arrived and although they worked with frenzied haste, snow caught them with their cabins not entirely finished. The winter that followed was terrible. Day after day blinding snow and howling wind beat against the half finished walls of the houses. None of the cabins had floors and none of the walls had been plastered, and the supply of wood dwindled alarmingly.

To add to the sufferings of intense cold the severity of the winter slowed up the sawmill activities which in turn caused hunger. More than one of the immigrant children died of cold and starvation that winter. The Todhunter children survived, but their gaunt pale faces and thin bodies were more than their stepmother could endure. The provisions in the dugout daily grew smaller and smaller and the spring was an eternity in coming. At last, one day, in desperation the stepmother braved the snow filled trail to the house of her nearest neighbor. There she borrowed ink and plume and dispatched a letter by Pony Express to an Uncle in New Orleans begging him to send money to buy food for the children of her husband's first wife. The Uncle promptly responded with three thousand dollars and on the day it came the wind died down, the snow stopped falling and early summer warmed the mountainside.

It was at this time that Mary went on a trip with her father and they remained over night with the Brackett family on the Vermejo. Mary was enchanted with the bright, plastered walls of Mother Brackett's house, and when she said that she had done the plastering herself, Mary could not wait to get home to tell her stepmother.

Mrs. Todhunter decided that with what was left of the three thousand dollars they would buy sheep. She was determined, come what might, never again would she go through a winter at the sawmill. Any thing that could be solved with work she was willing to face, but simply sitting and outlasting the fury of mountain winter she could not do.

They bought several hundred head of sheep and as soon as the weather was warm enough, Mary, who was now about ten, and Rachael were given two shepherd dogs and the sheep and were left miles from home to tend them. It was a lonesome country with nothing but rolling hills and empty sky. The days were all alike, long, lingering, lonely with only the sun and the shadows to guide

er and the other members of the family. She had never become reconciled to the loss of her own mother, and upon learning that the new Mrs. Dawson was in need of a girl to help with housework, Mary rolled her possessions in a floursack and left her father's house.

Everyone in the countryside was interested in the new Mrs. Dawson. Mr. Dawson's first wife was Edwina Stockton and she died when their son Gus was a baby. The second wife was Laura Stout of Virginia, and she died when her two children were quite small. When the second wife died the husband was left with three children to be cared for and so his kindly old father-in-law wrote a note of introduction for him to a spinster who lived in Illinois and suggested that he ask her to be his third mate. Mr. Dawson lost no time in dressing in his best and left by stage-coach to meet the lady. While on the journey Mr. Dawson read an article by a Vina Jefferson which appealed to him deeply. With some difficulty he found that she was postmistress in a small town in Iowa and, when the stage stopped at that town, he lost no time in finding her house and knocking at her door. Her sister, Aunt Matt, answered the door and explained that Vina was ill and in bed, but when Mr. Dawson explained his errand Vina got up and dressed and came in to see him. When Mr. Dawson saw her he thought she was the plainest woman he had ever seen, but after talking to her for awhile he was so impressed with her wit that, finally, he broached the subject of his journey. He told Vina that he was on his way to meet a woman to ask her to become his wife, but if she refused him would Vina permit him to return and plead his cause with her. Vina gave her permission and so he caught the stage again and continued his journey to Illinois where he found Mr. Stout's choice betrothed to another. So he returned to Iowa, married Vina Jefferson and brought her to New Mexico. The third Mrs. Dawson was very popular, everyone liked her and Mary was happy in the Dawson home.

She stayed with them for two years and in August of 1878, a month before she was eighteen, she married Zenas Curtis, a young nephew of Mr. Dawson. On Mary's wed-

ding day she was very lovely in a plain grey dress. The other Marys would have been proud of her could they have seen down the corridor of years! After the ceremony Dawson presented the young couple with a team and a wagon and some household sessions. They drove away as happy as to make a new home near Caliente. Zenas had built a two-room log cabin, the house had no windows and but one door. In the bedroom a log had been cut out of one end of the room for light and entrance. Mary had to go around her house and crawl through this small opening to get from the kitchen to the bedroom. But she loved it! Each morning was a delight to open her eyes to the wonders around her, her very own possessions. Each night she reluctantly closed her eyes, greedy to hold her happiness against the forgetfulness of sleep.

Life was not easy for Mary. It never has been for such pioneer women. In twelve years she bore six children. She nursed them in sickness and tended them in health and reared them to women and manhood.

When her children were grown she was not content to sit and dream of all the golden hours that had been hers. In 1914 when Mary Todhunter Curtis was fifty-four years old she decided to go into business. Borrowing money from the bank at twelve percent interest she bought a lot in Cimarron and built the Antlers Hotel. For the next twenty-three years she ran it as a hotel should be run, catering to the lonely, giving to the needy and offering hospitality to all as graciously as any Mary Todhunter of the old plantation days.

In 1937 she sold her hotel and retired from business but not from active life. No sooner had the hotel deal been closed, than Grandma Curtis, as everyone calls her now, part of her money and built a house with. She lives in this home and owns the one next door which she keeps rented. Grandpa and their son Jim are in the cattle business near Springer, and Grandma dashes back and forth in her Dodge car on frequent visits to them.

She and Grandpa have lived to bury three of their daughters. They have seen many changes in New Mexico in the sixty years

they have been going down the trail together.

In August they will celebrate their diamond wedding day and all the people of the surrounding country will drive over to see them, to wish them well and to say a prayer of thankfulness for all the Mary Todhunters of America who with courage and humor have placed their feet in the footprints of their pioneer husbands.

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CHAPTER XI

John Leakey
Real County

JOHN LEAKEY and his wife, Nancy Patterson Leakey, had been married about five years when they moved from Henderson county, to Uvalde county in 1854. This move was probably the result of Mrs. Leakey having malaria. They came with Mrs. Leakey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Patterson, and a number of other families. The Leakeys settled on the Sabinal River about seven miles from the present town of Sabinal.

Mr. Leakey had been a brick mason and a ranchman in East Texas. He did not like the new country and considered returning to East Texas, but his father-in-law persuaded him to go into the Frio Canyon and put up a saw mill. Mr. Leakey brought his family and household goods in ox-drawn wagons over rough, rocky roads through the clear cypress waters of the Sabinal, over beautifully wooded mountains, to a lovely grove on the banks of the Frio near the present site of the town of Leakey. He became one of the most noted characters among the pioneers of that section, and vowed he would live there in spite of the Indians. He had many encounters with them and at times it seemed as if he would be unable to sustain himself and protect his family. His was the first home in the canyon and it was raided twice by the Indians before he could complete it. Mr. Leakey and his family lived in camps until the first house could be built. The cypress timber being the main attraction for Mr. Leakey, the camps were moved frequently in order to be conveniently near the timber.

Finally the first house was built of hand-hewn cypress slabs. It contained two rooms. While Mr. Leakey and the other men were busy making cypress shingles by hand, Mrs. Leakey set about making a home. She had been reared in East Texas during the slave days, but she had been taught to work, although she had never assumed much

responsibility. Neither she nor Mr. Leakey wanted slaves, so she did all of her work with the little equipment. She baked outdoors over an open fire; her cooking utensils included a coffee pot, frying pan, iron pot for boiling and a "Dutch Oven," sometimes called a "skillet and lid." This skillet was made with short legs to set over a smoldering fire, and a close-fitted lid with a rim to hold hot ashes and coals, so that the food could bake evenly on the top and bottom.

There was plenty of food available. The land was "flowing with milk and honey." Yet, the cows had to be milked and the honey must be gathered from the "bee trees." The black bear, deer and turkey had to be hunted and killed, and the fish caught from the river. Beans, peas, squash, and corn were raised in the garden. The men did the hunting and fishing, although Mrs. Leakey could use her gun if necessary. She did the family washing in the river. The ironing was done with heavy sad irons which were heated on an outdoor fire. Water for household purposes was carried up the hill from a spring.

Mrs. Leakey spun and wove the materials to make clothes for the entire family. She carded bats by hand for both the woolen and cotton material and spun the thread at home. She had to go to her mother's, eighteen miles away, to weave on the loom. She also dyed the materials, using agaritta root for yellow and walnut leaves for brown. The colors were set with alum. She and her mother usually spun and wove together and made beautiful bedspreads. The cotton was raised by Mrs. Leakey's father. She knitted the stockings for her family in the early days.

Indians a Constant Threat.

Mrs. Leakey enjoyed her work, although she kept a constant watch for any sign of the approach of the Indians. Mack, the oldest son, began riding with his father when he was five years old. One day his father told him to ride through a thicket while he went around it. Mack got hung on a grape vine and yelled to his father. Naturally, Mr. Leakey thought the Indians were after him. But scares did not always turn out so satisfactorily. Indians did get after Tom, the second son. He frequently scared the Mexican help by yelling "Indians." One day when he went across the river after his pony, some Indians started after him. By jumping off a high bluff into the river he managed to escape. His favorite sister heard him screaming and ran and told her mother.

"Oh, he is just scaring the Mexicans," said Mrs. Leakey. But about that time he fell on the porch, crying, "Mother, you would not have cared if the Indians had gotten me!" They had stolen his pony; however, it was recovered later.

Mr. Leakey never left Mrs. Leakey entirely alone. Frequently, a young boy in his teens stayed with her. One time she saw the Indians come into the yard and take the horses. When she reached for her gun, an Indian started toward the house. She called to the boy who was staying with her and the Indian, thinking it was her husband, ran away.

She knew that always she must be ready to go quickly to her father's home, when warned that the Indians were ap-

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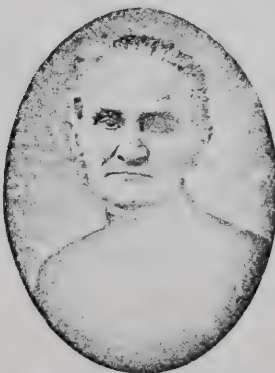
College Station, Texas

proaching. One of the sure signs of their approach was when an old mule would come running home excitedly with her head up. Finally she was shot to death by the Indians with arrows. The settlers usually managed to let each other know of any sign of the approaching Indians; however, sometimes the Indians surprised them. Mr. Leakey frequently took his family in an ox-drawn wagon to Mrs. Leakey's parents who lived in the Patterson settlement. They went as the larger settlement gave better protection from the Indians and the country was more open so the Indians could not hide so easily. The Indians seldom killed anyone during their raids, but plundered and destroyed property. Frequently when people returned to their homes the feather beds were found ripped open with clouds of feathers meeting them as they opened the door.

"Nancy, we will have to go to San Antonio to get some ticking for more feather beds," was Mr. Leakey's favorite expression when they returned home and found such a catastrophe.

On one occasion a Mr. Basham and a Mr. Aldridge, neighbors of the Leakey family, were camped on the river making shingles. Mr. Aldridge had borrowed Mr. Leakey's gun to kill a deer. He killed one on the spot where the town of Leakey is now and was nearly ready to skin it when he detected an Indian behind a tree watching him. Not knowing how many more might be near, he beat a hasty retreat. A man by the name of Carter went back with him and brought the deer in. But, very soon signal smokes were seen on the mountains. All of the men except Mr. Leakey went out to look for the Indians. He remained at home to protect the women and the children. The Indians were followed three miles up the river. Some of them were killed and this stopped the raiding for a while.

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NANCY PATTERSON LEAKEY



JOHN LEAKEY



—Sunday News-Globe Staff Photo.

Neighbors for years, Dean and Mrs. Joseph B. Davis, left, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur E. Swenson examine the document which established them as relatives.

* * *

* * *

Couples Discover Mutual Ancestor

The Wilbur E. Swensons, 1607 Travis, and the Joseph B. Davises, 1605 Travis, have been good neighbors since 1949. The Davises came to Amarillo from Minnesota. The Swensons have been Texans since 1926. Two or three times during each year, they get to each others houses for conversation and visiting. A half-dozen or more times they play ping-pong in the Swensons' back yard. Other times the busy C. P. A. Swensons and Dean of Amarillo College Davises wave across the drive and go on their hurried ways. But things are different now.

The story unfolded when Mrs. Swenson (Almira Gough Swenson) had her lineage traced for D. A. R. membership. Her Revolutionary War ancestor was found to be Lt. Joseph Davis. Early one morning Mr. Swenson walked across the yard where Joseph Davis was driving out of his garage. Mr. Swenson said, "Hello, Neighbor! We're relatives. I've got the proof."

Of course, he had not the slightest idea that there could be a relationship. He was interested in the names being the same but everyone knows that telephone books across the country are crowded with Joseph Davises.

However, when Joseph Davis,

of 1605 Travis, glanced through the "proof" produced by his neighbor, he immediately noticed some familiar names. His sister, Jessie Dent Davis Boardman, a member of the West Texas State College faculty, also had joined the D. A. R. years ago, and her Revolutionary War ancestor was Lt. Joseph Davis!

It took Joseph Davis only a glance to recognize that the Lt. Joseph Davis on Almira Swenson's papers was his great-grandfather: he was born in Charles County, Md., in 1761; he married Rebecca Dent; he moved from Charles County to Hardy County, Va., in 1796; he died in 1831. These facts Joseph Davis knew quite well. On several occasions

he has visited the old home place in Virginia (now West Virginia) where his father lived as a boy in the home which was built in 1800 by Lt. Joseph Davis.

And so Joseph Davis went to his file to show that his papers matched Almira Swenson's papers at the Revolutionary War stage.

Like a crossword puzzle, completely solved, the two family trees went right into place. They could hardly do otherwise, for Joseph Davis's grandfather was Jesse Davis, and Almira Swenson's great-grandfather was Reuben Davis, and the father of Reuben and Jesse was none other than the Revolutionary War soldier, Lt. Joseph Davis.

While names and places are the same back in Revolutionary days, the families have travelled separate paths. Almira Swenson was born in Leadville, Colo.; her parents came there from West Virginia. Joseph Davis was born in Jackson, Mo.; his father also came from West Virginia.

Swapping stories has been a favorite pastime since the relationship was discovered. Some of them are:

"Did you know that Joseph Davis and his wife, Rebecca Dent, were well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. George Washington? My family history says they attended the same church and visited each other. Rebecca Dent dressed in her homespun was very much a lady.

"This story is really a good

one. Rebecca Dent's mother was Tan Edwards—the family was said to own a large part of lower Manhattan Island, a grant from the King of England. Legend has it that the deal netted a loss of five billion dollars to Edward heirs. It seems that one of the Edwards brothers went back to England with the lease, died, and that was the end of that.

"I must tell ex-Sen. Rush Holt this latest family news," said Almira Swenson. "He's my first cousin and has written a book on our family history. He'll be glad to have these additions."

Such stories and others will go on and on as they are recalled and opportunity comes for their telling.

The main one, however, demonstrates several things: one can always learn a bit more about his neighbors; D. A. R. memberships can lead to interesting discoveries, and the old cliché "the

world's a small place after all" is nevertheless true.

On one occasion the Leakey family went on a visit to Sabinal Canyon and spent the night at the home of Aaron Anglin. During the night, the barking of the dogs and the peculiar actions of one dog that always tried to get into the house and under the bed when the Indians were near aroused the fears of an old negro woman. She was sleeping in a small room in the back of the yard. Slipping into the house she quietly and quickly aroused the household. The house was kept in darkness while Mr. Leakey took his pistol and stepped out into the yard. He was greeted with a shower of arrows. Three Indians were concealed in the shadows of some trees and were so far away that the arrows struck the ground at his feet, doing no damage. When Mr. Leakey began firing in their direction, they ran. He pursued them until he had used all his leads. He then returned home and stood guard in the darkness for the remainder of the night. When daylight came, he examined the ground and found the trail of three Indians, two of whom he knew were wounded. A further search convinced him that they were more than three in number. After notifying the settlers, Gid Thompson, Sebe Barrymore, Silas Webster, Henry Robinson, and Mr. Leakey started in pursuit. They did not expect to find them very soon, unless they should find the two whom Mr. Leakey had wounded.

Off to Battle Indians.

The posse took time to get ready, Mrs. Anglin, assisted by Mrs. Leakey cooked food enough to last several days and packed it in a pillow case. Mr. Leakey strapped it across his neck and shoulders, but not a morsel of it was ever eaten by any member of that party. The grim bravery of the men was matched by that of the women, as they bade them goodbye.

The plan was to follow the Indians on foot until they were found some night in camp, then the attack would be made. Their trail led in a southwesterly direction toward a high range of mountains about two miles away. The settlers later learned that there were about twenty-five of the Indians ambushed on top of the mountain awaiting the approach of the white men, whom they could see, following their trail in the valley below. They had deliberately laid a trap for the white men. In order to be sure the unsuspecting men would not lose the trail, the Indians cut down bushes occasionally with their tomahawks, so they could be easily followed. It was a tedious and an exhausting ascent. There were steep ledges, slanting rocks, huge boulders, scrubby cedars, and tangled vines to surmount and tear through. When the party finally arrived at the crest of the mountain, they were hot, tired and windbroken and not in condition for a battle. Henry Robinson, an old trailer, was in front when they reached the ambush on top of the mountain. Just before reaching the top, Mr. Thompson, always on the lookout for signs, said he believed the Indians were on top of the mountain because he saw buzzards, as he shifted his large Spanish gourd full of water which was strapped to his left arm.

"Oh, there is not an Indian in ten miles of here," declared Mr. Leakey who was next to Mr. Robinson.

Just then Mr. Robinson and Mr. Leakey stopped to rest. The others had not quite reached the top of the mountain when two shots were fired at them by the Indians. At the same time, Mr. Thompson, probably the third man from

the top, saw an Indian running along the ledge in plain view waving a red blanket and yelling. He was trying to draw the fire of the men in the rear to him so that the men in front would fall an easier victim. The Indians now broke cover in several places. Mr. Robinson saw at a glance they were in a trap and were confronted with a superior force. Quickly aiming his rifle, he fired and wheeled back, telling Mr. Leakey to do the same. Mr. Leakey, however, had sprung forward and was vainly trying to fire his gun at the jumping and yelling painted savages, who in a few minutes were all around him shooting arrows. The other three men were a few yards in the rear. All leveled their guns and fired. They called to Mr. Leakey to run and then went back themselves.

The gun Mr. Leakey had was a new double-triggered gun, borrowed from John Richards, and one he had never fired. He had been used to a single-trigger gun. Having failed to spring the trigger, he could not pull the hammer down. He had the muzzle almost at the Indian's breast and jerked at the trigger hard enough, it seemed to break it out. Realizing it was useless, he threw the gun down and pulled his pistol and shot one Indian just as he was aiming at Mr. Robinson. He now began to get his work

in on the Indians and backed away, keeping them at bay, although repeatedly wounded himself. He could not go back the way he came because the Indians were between him and his companions and were forcing him toward a steep and rugged cliff. His pistol finally refused to fire. Thinking he had exhausted his loads, he now for the first time turned his back on the Indians and plunged over the cliff—rolling and tumbling—catching here and there at the bushes and rocks for a hundred feet or more. He finally landed astride a tall,

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slender cedar sapling, which bent with his weight. He rode this down over a ledge and found a stopping place. Nearly dead with wounds and exhaustion, he lay down under a wild cherry tree.

Presently he heard the Indians above him, evidently looking to see if they could discover him lodged anywhere. He examined his pistol and to his surprise found one chamber loaded. An arrow had struck between the cylinder and barrel. The small point of the spike had broken off and was tightly fixed so that the cylinder could not revolve to the next load. Mr. Leakey had snapped several times after the pistol failed to fire, not noticing, in the terrific combat, that the cylinder did not revolve when he drew the hammer back and that it fell in an empty chamber each time he attempted to shoot. Two of the Indians thinking that Mr. Leakey was dead, started down an easier descent, evidently expecting to scalp him. Getting to his feet he charged them, presenting his pistol. The Indians, realizing that he was not dead, probably thought he had had time to reload. Having observed and experienced a few minutes before the efficiency with which he could handle a six shooter, they beat a hasty retreat. Mr. Leakey cursed them as they fell back. Those curses were joyous sounds to his companions, because they knew for the first time that he was not dead.

Wounded Taken Home.

When Mr. Leakey had gotten clear of the Indians, one of them had picked up the double-triggered rifle which Mr. Leakey had thrown down. The Indian understood how to use it. Stepping out on the cliff where he could see Webster, Barrymore, and Robinson, who had stopped under cover, he thought to reload his rifle. Thompson was just back of him. The Indian shot at him. The ball passed just above his right ear, passed on to Mr. Barrymore, wounding him in the right hip. They were soon joined by Mr. Robinson, who wanted to shoot the Indian, who was still in plain view.

"No, Henry, don't shoot," said Gid Thompson, "It will bring all of them on us again, and we have no loaded guns."

Those in the party who were not wounded went to Mr. Robinson and then to Mr. Leakey and gave them water from Gid Thompson's gourd. The water soon revived Mr. Leakey, and he began to talk.

"Damn the gun! I could not make it shoot!" were his first words. "I must have broken it in some way—I pulled and pulled on that trigger."

He was hit by arrows in nine places. One arrow had struck near the wrist as he had his arm extended toward the Indians, and it penetrated lengthwise of the arm nearly to the shoulder, and was still transfixed. Other wounds were in the neck, face, head, thigh, and body.

The battle was over and they all went down the mountain, Barrymore having to be supported. Mr. Leakey still had his provisions strapped to his shoulders. They were saturated with blood, and had to be thrown away. After arriving at the Anglin ranch again, Dud Richardson was sent to the Patterson settlement for re-enforcements. An expedition was organized and went in pursuit of the Indians. They were finally overtaken and massacred on the Leona River. Mr. Leakey was taken home to a grateful family. It took about six weeks for him to recover from the

wounds received during this battle. He had many other encounters with the Indians, too numerous to record here.

"How many wounds do you have on your body?" asked Mr. Sowell, author of "The Indian Fighters," from which these data were checked.

"I don't know. You will have to strip me and see," laughed Mr. Leakey.

Years later when the Indians were being colonized, two Indians were being held in jail at San Antonio. They would not talk. Tom Leakey went to see them. One of the Indians laughed when he saw him, and tried to get his hands through the bars to shake hands with him. He told Tom where he lived and how many were in his family.

"Many times I could have reached out and killed you. But you were not bothering me," said the Indian. "I don't know your name, but I know all about you. One time I was on one side of

Local Paper Features Association Employee



MISS FLORENCE COLSTON

In the afternoon Fort Worth Star-Telegram of October 3, Katherine Howard had a feature article on Miss Florence Colston and her many years of employment by the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association, Inc., as head of its brand department. "Cattle brands are her business," states Mrs. Howard. "For 43 years they've been her business and they were her father's business before her." The late J. W. Colston "broke" his daughter into this work in 1895.

The account carries details on how the brands are taken from renditions turned in by members, each member's brands listed on a card in the style of the membership, then assembled in numerical or character order in brand books and sent out to the inspectors in Texas and other states.

Miss Colston has been honored in women's club circles in Fort Worth. She is a charter member of the Business and Professional Women's Club, and was its president in 1931-32. She was also a charter member of the local Y. W. C. A. and for many years taught the Colston Sunday School Class of the First Methodist Church. She is at present a member of the city's Library Board.

Miss Colston was born in Kentucky, but came to Texas with her parents when a baby. The family settled in Young county, the birthplace of the Association. She was teaching a small country school before entering the employ of the Association.

the mountain, and your sisters were playing on the other side. Your mother saw us and sent your brother to tell them to come home quick, the Indians were near. But they were not bothering us, so we did not bother them."

Mr. Leakey believed that when the Indians killed anyone there was a white man with them; otherwise they only plundered or stole from the settlers.

As the family grew a larger house was built of logs. It contained two rooms across the front with a hall between and a long shed room across the back. Later they built a large house of cypress lumber sawed at the mill. The kitchen and dining room were in the yard just back of the main house. The carriage house and smokehouse was attached to the back of them.

Cypress shingles were made by hand until they could put in a wooden water wheel which furnished power to operate the shingle saws. The mill was later moved to Spring Branch on the Leakey homestead. After the war N. M. C. Patterson, an uncle of Mrs. Leakey, and Mr. Leakey established a steam saw mill. Later Mr. Leakey bought the Patterson interest and became the sole owner.

Shingles and lumber were hauled to San Antonio in wagons which brought back flour, coffee, sugar and other necessities. These supplies at first were kept in the Leakey home and sold to the settlers. Later a store was established.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Leakey left his family with his father-in-law and enlisted in the Confederate Army. He used his teams for hauling provisions for the Confederacy including guano secured in a bat cave near Con Can which was used in making gun powder. He also hauled cotton to Point Isabel and frequently brought back salt.

Began to Acquire Land.

After the war closed, the Leakeys returned to their home on the Frio. Mr. Leakey continued to manage the saw mill and to give more attention to increasing his herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. He had secured some land by pre-emption when he first came to the canyon. Later he bought large tracks of land, frequently from settlers who were dissatisfied. At one time he owned several hundred acres of land on the East and on the West prongs of the Frio.

Mr. and Mrs. Leakey were interested in the children having the best educational opportunities possible at that time. Before a free school could be established he built a school house and employed teachers to instruct his children and the other children in the community.

The first building was used for both school and for church services and was located about one and one-half miles below the present town of Leakey. It was a long building with a fireplace. The men in the community donated their work. The Leakey children rode to school on horseback unless it was very cold, then they preferred to walk. Among those early-day teachers was the late Judge Bob Burney of Kerrville.

Mr. and Mrs. Leakey were careful to see that their children received religious training. The preacher was always a welcome guest. During the early days services were conducted by circuit rider preachers. The children remembers a Reverend Horton among the first. He arrived unexpectedly for the first meal.

Continued
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Mrs. Leakey was embarrassed and apologized for her lack of preparation.

"Sister Leakey, I can eat your food better than your apologies," was his smiling rejoinder.

The town of Leakey was laid out in 1883 and was cut off the old Leakey homestead. Mr. Leakey donated the square for the courthouse, lots for a school and a church and located two Baptist ministers in the town. The post-office was moved there from Flora. The town was named for Mr. Leakey and became the county seat of Edwards county. Later the county seat was moved to Rock Springs and Leakey later became the county seat of Real county when it was organized in 1913. The pleasures of the Leakey family equalled the hardships. Even in the early days when they were continuously watching for the Indians, the children had lots of fun.

One of their early sports was to steal rides on the logs that were being hauled to be cut into lumber. They were fastened together with chains, and taken to the mill by oxen. This, however, was a forbidden sport because the logs were likely to slip and crush the rider. Another sport was to ride the wheel of the mill. This was accomplished by one child stepping between the spokes of the wheel and holding tightly as the wheel went round and round. Several children would ride at a time. In later years after the Indians stopped raiding the children swam in the river and often gathered wild flowers.

"One of my greatest joys was to listen to the birds on the branch," declares Mrs. Augusta Leakey Austin.

The younger children did not suffer the fear of the Indians. They enjoyed the freedom of the country.

Other recreations included fish fries, dances, and barbecues. Everyone knew everybody else and called each other by his first name.

The citizens of the canyon and divide expressed their appreciation for Mr. and Mrs. Leakey at a barbecue on Mr. Leakey's seventy-sixth birthday by presenting him with a sterling silver pitcher and Mrs. Leakey with a silver goblet to match. Each was engraved with an appropriate inscription and both pieces are still treasures of two members of the Leakey family.

Their home was noted for its hospitality. Everybody was welcome.

"Get down! Come in! Here take this horse and feed it!" was Mr. Leakey's greeting. Sometimes the company proved to be undesirable.

All the children were taught to work.

"Mother taught us to work in such a way that we got a real thrill out of it," said Mrs. Ella Leakey Youngblood, the youngest daughter. "She was a great companion to her children. She did not make us work. She worked with us."

Mr. Leakey died in 1900; Mrs. Leakey sixteen years later at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ella Leakey Youngblood.

The Leakey children were Mack Leakey, married Sarah Holcomb, is dead; Tom Leakey, is dead; Fannie, married J. B. Johnson, is dead; George Leakey, dead; Mattie, married G. A. Tutwiler is dead; Mary, married V. D. Miles, lives in Uvalde; Augusta married S. B. Austin, lives in Uvalde, and Ella, married T. A. Youngblood, generally known as "Jack," lives in Leakey.

John Leakey is the only grandchild bearing the Leakey name. He is a prominent cattleman in North Dakota and is the oldest son of Mack Leakey.

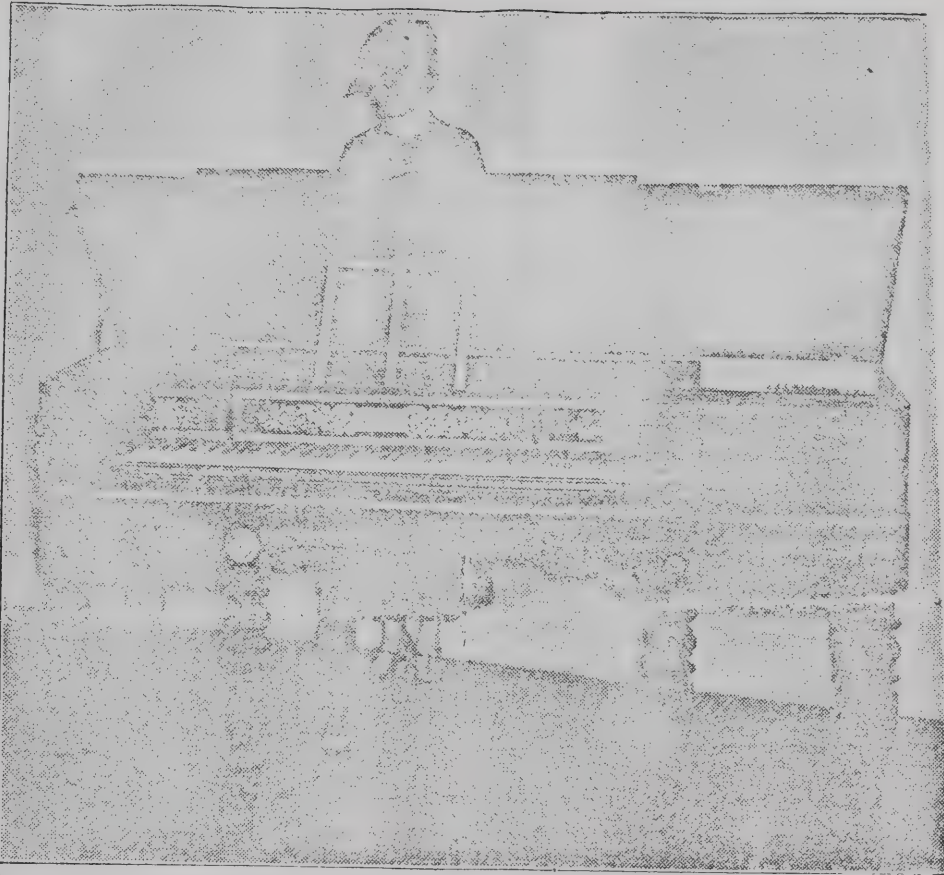
6. Main entrance to the ranch, 16 miles south of Vernon.
7. Prickly pear are killed off. After the pear has been cut it is

11. Outlet of the Santa Rosa irrigation p.
Headquarters ranch Zacaquista, 16 miles south-
12.
13. Unit of the Waggoner refinery on the ranch
14.
Like the other product of the ranch—cattle—
three reversed D's. 14. Ranch home of A. B. Barton, Jr.

ies the
narton, Jr.

Sunday, Dec. 22, 1935 THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS, DA

Historical Piano Given to Capital Hall



—News Staff Photo.

Mrs. Maurice C. Turner, Texas regent, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, is shown here with an antique piano presented by the Texas D. A. R. to the National Society, for the Texas room in Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. The piano was the gift of Miss Mary Kate Hunter, past regent, William Findley Chapter, Palestine.

The heirloom came to Miss Hunter from a cousin, Mrs. Lillie Hitchcock Coit, San Francisco. Both Miss Hunter and Mrs. Coit are descendants of

Col. A. R. S. Hunter, United States Revolutionary Army, to whose wife the piano was given by her father in 1788. Miss Hunter, the donor, who is a granddaughter of Colonel Hunter, received the piano in 1931. It will be placed in the Texas room of Memorial Hall by Mrs. Morris Sheppard, chairman of the Texas room.

The Texas society board accepted the gift at a recent board meeting held in Dallas, and made plans for the dedication of the gift when the National Society meets in Washington next April.

In 1935 I was living in Palistene, Texas. I attended the meeting of The Daughters of The Revolution the day this piano was given to the Texas Room. The Meeting was at Miss Hunter's Home. Mrs. Turner had come from Dallas to receive it. The Instrument a Little Jewel.

Mrs. B. F. Harper.

A TRIBUTE TO TEXAS

(The following editorial was written by Bruce Barton as a contribution to the General Motors' celebration of Texas Independence Day last Thursday, and is presented to the citizens of the state as a fitting tribute to the occasion.)

Remember the Alamo! For 12 days, 12 nights, Travis, Bonham, Bowie, Davy Crockett, and their little group held Santa Anna's forces at bay. They went down fighting, one by one, but their valor roused a people to action, won for Texas her independence.

Texas, free Texas, the only state that was once a nation! Kings sent their courtiers to knock at her gates. And well may all the states be proud that she chose to cast her lot with the Union.

For Texas is the giant of America's children. She could tuck New England away in a corner, engulf all the land between New York and Chicago. Her busy, rich and vast domain measures a quarter million square miles.

How can words paint its picture? Here cotton blankets more acres than many another state holds. Here turkeys march to market in droves 10,000 strong. Here a single pecan orchard yields a half million dollar crop, a single cattle ranch boasts a million acres, a single farmer plants onions by the billion. And even the State University strikes oil.

"I am listening to the footsteps of the coming millions," said Robert E. Lee, on the Texas prairies 80 years ago. Today the millions have arrived. The plains are fenced and the trails are fading, and peaceful dairy cattle fatten where the restless Longhorn roared. Texas is our richest farm, our biggest oil well. Her helium gas keeps our dirigibles afloat. Her petroleum and sulphur and lignite, her potash and silver and carbon-black enrich the markets of the world.

Past Texas rolls the Rio Grande, dividing the Americas. Where once the Indian pitched his teepee, Dallas and Fort Worth, El Paso and San Antonio, Amarillo and Waco, and other cities rear their skyscrapers. Austin boasts America's most impressive capitol, that building for which the Texans paid a casual three million acres. Houston dug a canal for 50 miles to bring sea-going vessels to her inland port. Galveston and Port Arthur and other cities on the Gulf attract the commerce of the world.

And the rich state of Texas is doubly rich in sons and daughters. From the days of Sam Houston, with his vision of freedom, of Mirabeau Lamar, with his vision of education, the men of Texas have been quick to make today's dream tomorrow's truth.

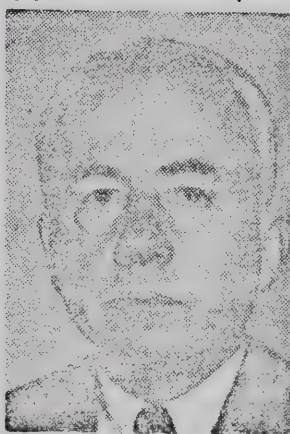
O. Henry turned his days in Texas into colorful short stories. Dorothy Scarborough and Chester Crowell give us fiction of the Southwest today. Texas was one of the two first states to name a woman governor.

You will never completely know America until you taste the wonders of the Lone Star State. See the cowboys ride in Fort Worth's rodeo. Visit Fort Sam Houston, our largest military encampment; Fort Bliss, our biggest cavalry post; Brooks and Kelly Fields, where American aces won their wings. Travel by air, as the Texan does, to sense the breadth and the might of his state. Linger by sunny fields of Texas bluebonnets, hear the mocking birds whistle in the pecan groves, enjoy the color and charm of gay southern playgrounds. The state's very name implies hospitality, and a warm-hearted welcome awaits you.

Six flags has Texas known and served. To these emblems of her past, to Texas today, to the vigorous promise of her future, the flag of General Motors dips in salute. Hail, Texas!

THE AMARILLO DAILY NEWS, AMARILLO, TEXAS

Feb 5 DONOR 1953



ROBERT R. YOUNG

* * *

Documents of Spanish Rule For University

AUSTIN, Feb. 2.—Students of Texas history during Spanish rule have access to rich new materials at the University of Texas through a gift of Robert R. Young, New York City railroad executive and financier.

Young grew up in Canadian, the son of a rancher and banker; started his phenomenal rise to financial success as a 30-cent an hour powder house worker and now heads the Alleghany Corporation which controls seven major railroads—almost one-tenth of the railway network of the country.

Young, the Spanish government, and US Ambassador to Spain Stanton Griffis made the gift possible. Included were microfilms showing 1,335 Spanish documents relating to Texas from the Ar-

chivo General de Indias.

Miss Helen Hunnicutt, archivist-translator at the University, said although about 95 per cent of the documents are available in transcript in the Archives Collection, plans of the presidios of los Adaes, Bahia del Espiritu Santo, San Antonio de Bexar and Dolores de los Ais are an invaluable addition.

The documents provide significant material on the history of Texas from 1690 to 1805.

The material includes three Moses Austin autographs, found on a letter and two petitions. Two of these documents deal with Indian raids, while the third asks that a certain resident be forbidden to build a barn on a rivulet from which citizens obtained water.

Garland Adair, Texas Memorial Museum curator of his-

story, arranged for the microfilm documents to be placed in the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center, Archives Collection, where they will be readily available to scholars doing research on the Spanish periods of Texas history. A list of main topics dealt with has been furnished the museum.

Prints have been made from the

microfilm, showing diagrams of four presidios and drawings of animals and plants in their vicinity—trees, fruits, bear, deer and rabbit, for example. Los Adaes (1721) in East Texas, Bahia del Espiritu Santo (1722) on the banks of the Guadalupe River (later moved to the San Antonio River) and San Antonio de Bexar (1718) on the site of the present city of that name.

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MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1954 THE AMARILLO DAILY NEWS, AMARILLO, TEXAS

Former Crown Princess Gives Birth



—Daily News Staff Photo.

Clyde Harris, 2410 Van Buren, will be taking his wife and baby daughter home today from St. Anthony Hospital, where the 5-pound 10-ounce little girl, Kira Alexandrine Harris, arrived Wednesday. Mrs. Harris is the former Crown Princess Cecelia of Prussia, granddaughter of the late Kaiser Wilhelm.



—Globe-Times Staff Photo.

AMERICANS NOW

At naturalization proceedings Wednesday in federal court here these people became citizens of the United States: front row, left to right, Mary Josephine Veazey, Phyllis Schneider, Helen Fong, Wanda Murphy, Mrs. Clyde Harris, the former Princess Cecilie of Prussia, Mrs. Maria Massey, Joe Jim Yon, A/2c Constantinos G. Patronis; back row, Mrs. Stella Will Cochran, Mrs. Iris Ward Hays, Alfred Frederick Ernest Will, Theresa Doreen Barnett, Enid Madeline Martin, Christina Elizabeth Bell, Ben Said and Vernon William Kettlewell.

* * *

The baby born to Cecelia and Clyde Harris on Oct. 20 is a pretty little girl with a perfection of features and bone structure which gives promise of later beauty. Her name is Kira Alexandrine Brigid Cecelia Ingrid, each name coming from a member of her mother's family and here are the connections: Kira is the name of the wife of Cecelia's oldest brother, who was formerly a grand duchess of Prussia; Alexandrine for the late Queen of Denmark, who was Cecelia's aunt; Brigid for another sister-in-law, formerly Lady Brigid Guinness of England; Cecelia for the baby's mother, the grandmother, who was Crown Princess of Prussia, and her great-grandmother, who was the Grand Duchess of Baden; Ingrid for the present Queen of Denmark, a cousin by marriage and the baby's godmother.

This is an impressive array of names, but she'll be called "Kira", a sweet name for a little girl. The Harris' hope to have the child christened in Germany (West of course), which, if possible, will mean a big celebration with all the royal aunts, uncles, cousins, and godparents on hand for the occasion.

* * *

EX-PRINCESS IS ONE OF 16 NEW CITIZENS

By FRED SCHOFIELD
Globe-Times Staff Writer

In a solemn 45-minute ceremony in federal court Wednesday morning 16 petitioners for citizenship in the United States became full-fledged citizens before Federal Judge Joe B. Dooley.

Among them were Mrs. Clyde Harris of Amarillo, the former Princess Cecilie of Prussia and granddaughter of the late Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany.

Mrs. Harris, in a special oath administered before the others, renounced her title as Princess of Prussia which she had held until Wednesday and became a citizen of the United States. Mrs. Harris, wife of an Amarillo interior decorator, was married to Harris on June 21, 1949, in Hohenzollern castle in Germany.

Following Mrs. Harris' special

Nov. 11, 1954

Big Breakfast For Veterans

A pancake and sausage breakfast for all veterans regardless of service club affiliation will be held from 7:30 a.m. until 10 a.m. today at the American Legion Hall, 617 W. 7th.

The breakfast will highlight activities today in observance of the first annual All Veterans Day, formerly Armistice Day.

Cost will be 50 cents "for all the pancakes and sausage or bacon you can eat." Charley Lowe and Lewis Fields are in charge of preparing the breakfast.

Under the new plan, signing of armistices for all wars and military skirmishes from the Spanish-American War through the Korean War will be observed each Nov. 11. The Congress signed a bill this year changing Armistice Day to All Veterans Day to eliminate many of the special observances.

"Armistice Day had lost its meaning," says Charley Gibson of the Legion. "We've had two big wars since the first one."

Amarillo banks, most county offices and Amarillo Air Force Base will observe today as a holiday. However, city offices, most downtown business firms, grocery stores and schools will remain open.

Fifty thousand residents of the United States are expected to become new citizens today including 28 from the Panhandle and South Plains area.

Of All, He Was The Youngest Man

MOBILE, Ala., Nov. 10 (UP)—From bleak and lonely Inchon he had written "Mom, I'm scared, I guess I'm not really a man after all."

Today the kid came home at last on the eve of Veterans Day to lie with other heroes beneath the warm magnolias he knew in childhood.

Full military rites with the chaplain of Brookley Air Force Base officiating will be held for Pfc. Paul D. Cornell. For he was the youngest of all the Americans who fell in Korea.

In service only four months and overseas only three weeks, Private Cornell was killed on July 7, 1952, near Inchon at the age of 16.

His mother, now Mrs. Ruth D. Hardy, who lives near here, said that Paul misrepresented his age to enlist without her knowledge. She thought he was out of town visiting his father, Milo Cornell of Des Moines, Ia., until he came home in uniform just before shipping out.

After the boy wrote her from Korea, Mrs. Hardy sent his birth certificate to the Army in Washington and was notified he would be sent home and discharged immediately as under age.

But instead, Mrs. Hardy received a telegram three days later that Paul was missing in action. His body was recovered and identified last March. It arrived home today, escorted by a sergeant, Richard J. Leclerc.

Mrs. Hardy said the Pentagon notified her that her son was the youngest American to die in the Korean campaign.

His funeral has been set tentatively for Monday. Brookley Field airmen will serve as pallbearers and young Cornell will be buried in Mobile's famed National Cemetery, where lie the soldiers of both North and South in the Civil War and others killed in the Spanish-American and both world wars.

THE AMARILLO SUNDAY NEWS-GLOBE, AMARILLO, TEXAS

ALL VETERANS DAY



PLAINSMEN HAVE BEEN IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE FIGHT

Spanish-American War, left, began 1898 ... Philippine Insurrection, 1899 ... World War I, 1917 ... World War II, 1941 ... Korean War, 1950.

—Sketched by Daily News Staff Artist.

Proud Marines Give Nation Memorial to Fallen Buddies

BY HERB ALTSCHULL

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10 (AP)—The United States Marines, proud possessors of a heroic past, gave to the nation today a giant memorial to their fallen comrades.

President Eisenhower attended the ceremony paying respect to the memory of all leathernecks who have paid the last full measure of devotion to their country, from the Revolutionary War to Korea.

Vice President Nixon said in dedicating the memorial on the banks of the Potomac that it stands as "a great challenge" to Americans to find a way to peace and freedom that will require no further sacrifices on the field of battle.

Gen. Lemuel C. Shepherd Jr., Marine Corps commandant, said in presenting the memorial to the people of the country that it is not "just a monument to a departed past. It is a graphic message to the future . . .

"May it stand for ages yet to come as a symbol of American courage and determination, of indestructible faith and unity of purpose."

The memorial, which was dedicated on the 179th anniversary of the birth of the Marine Corps, depicts one of the most glorious moments in the history of the leathernecks: The raising of the Stars and Stripes above the World War II Pacific battleground of Iwo Jima.

The scene was recorded for posterity in February 1945 in a photograph by Joe Rosenthal, then of the Associated Press and now of the San Francisco Chronicle. It was recreated by Felix de Weldon, an Austrian-born sculptor.

Nixon recalled to the audience of 5,000 that the casualty rate among the six flag raisers was 50 per cent and said the monument is a tribute to "the tremendous sacrifices" of the Marines as well as to their "esprit de corps and great history."

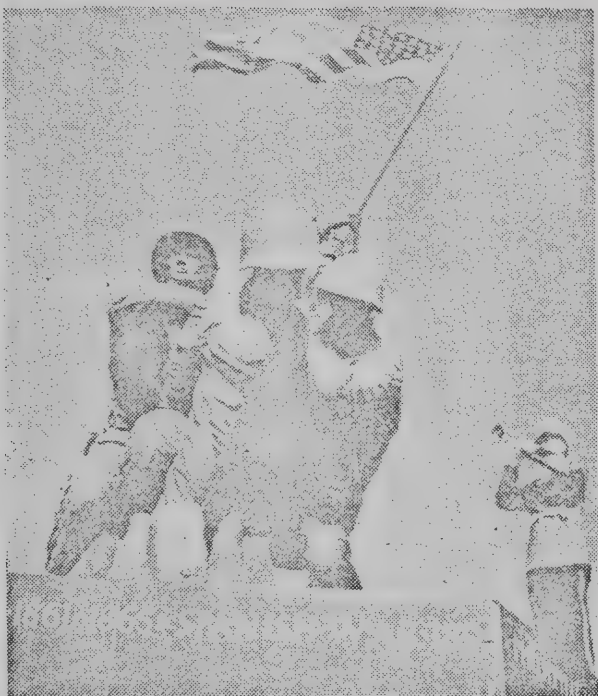
But, he added, "It is something more. It symbolizes the hopes and dreams of all Americans and it is dedicated to a great fundamental principle."

The monument, which stands a few hundred yards from the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, is the largest bronze casting ever created. The figures of the six straining flag raisers are each 32 feet high and are raised above a 40-foot block of black Swedish granite.

Around the girth of the base is carved a chronological list of Marine Corps military engagements since the birth of the country. Below them is inscribed the corps motto "Semper Fidelis," and the salute Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz gave them for their fighting at Iwo Jima:

"Uncommon valor was a common virtue."

Marine Statue Dedicated



(See Story on Page 10.)

—Associated Press Wirephoto.

A Marine bugler sounded taps as he stood near the historic figures of the Iwo Jima flag raising statue at dedication services yesterday in Washington, D. C. The survivors of the flag raising, John Bradley, left, Antigo, Wis.; Ira Hayes, Sacaton, Ariz.; and Rene Gagnon, Hookset, N. H., attended the ceremonies. The three other men represented in the statue died in the fighting for the Pacific island.

'Not in Vain'

Replacing the old "Armistice Day," ordained at the end of World War I, Nov. 11 is to be commemorated henceforth as "Veterans' Day." It is not only a gesture of tribute to the men of World War I, but to veterans of all wars.

Since the second world conflagration many have taken the view that "Armistice Day" was largely meaningless, that the sacrifices made in the four years of that bloody struggle were fruitless. The gentlemen of the Congress ruled otherwise, and properly.

Most of the wars of mankind have been fought between the forces of evil, on the one hand, and men of good will on the other. World War I was no exception — it was a war against an over-ambitious war lord who sought to set up his will as the law for all of Europe. Such a war of aggression is a threat against the world, a menace to the lives and hopes of people everywhere.

And it must be to the everlasting credit of the preceding generation of Americans that it moved to stop the threat, regardless of the fact that diplomatic failures rendered the decision, won on the field of battle null. That fight, like all others, against the forces of evil was not in vain.

In Good Hands



Nov 11, 1954

From A to Izzard A Farewell to Armistice Day

They used to call this Armistice Day. It is the anniversary of the end of World War I.

Since then there have been other wars. There have been truce talks and armistice negotiations in both Europe and Asia.

New veterans' organizations have been formed, and young men have crowded the ranks of the old.

* * *

So now they call it All Veterans Day—and properly so. It should belong to all the boys who have fought our wars and cheered the end of the fighting.

* * *

But there was something special about that armistice of Nov. 11, 1918. Americans celebrated as they had never celebrated before. Not only was one war ended, they thought, but all wars. It was the armistice to end tyranny and make the world safe for democracy.

Since then we have become more cynical. We don't cheer so loudly when a war ends now. We have no illusions that the end of war means that democracy is safe.

* * *

NOW WE HAVE DONE away with the observance that brought back, if only for a few magic minutes, the memory of that wild rejoicing. There has never been a day like it.

Those who did not live through it will never know what it is to believe, even momentarily, that man need never fear war again.

* * *

We're going to miss Armistice Day.

* * *

Citizenship Rites Today

Federal Judge Joe B. Dooley will administer the oath of citizenship to 28 residents of the Panhandle and South Plains today in ceremonies scheduled to begin at 1 p.m. in the Federal courtroom in the Post Office building.

Principal speaker for the program will be Wes Izzard. Others expected to be present are Gen. Walter Agee, commanding officer of Amarillo Air Force Base, and representatives of the United States Marine Corps.

The applicants for citizenship in the United States will be represented by Melvin O. Pittman, of Lubbock, district immigration and naturalization officer.

Approximately a dozen of the applicants will come here from the Lubbock area to participate in the citizenship ceremony.

Today, Veterans Day, will be marked by the naturalization of 50,000 residents in the country.



PERSONIFICATION—When Sgt. Porter Donnell, Company A, 46th Battalion, Texas Defense Guard, Pecos, posed for this picture, little did he dream it would become the unofficial state emblem of the defense guard. A huge copy, entitled "The Guardsman" hangs in headquarters at Austin.

Plane Crash Is Fatal To City Photographer



FLETCHER POPE

POPE, Fletcher B., 40, of 4013 Lipscomb. Fatally injured Monday in plane crash. Born Jan. 25, 1915, Dallas, Veteran World War II. Funeral services Wednesday, 2 p.m., Griggs Pioneer Chapel, Dr. Carl E. Bates, First Baptist Church, officiating. Pallbearers: Guy Davis, G. Don Currence, Larry Patten, Brents Norman, Milton Hunt, Henry Arnold. Burial Llano Cemetery. Body in state at funeral home until an hour before service. Casket will not be opened at service. Survivors: wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Pope, Amarillo; daughter, Starley Pope, Amarillo; mother, Mrs. John A. Pope, Dallas; brothers, Jerome Pope, Houston; W. B. Pope, Dallas; Virgil Pope, Austin.

An Amarillo man is dead and another is receiving treatment for injuries in a Groom hospital as the result of the crash of a light plane near Jericho, yesterday afternoon.

Fletcher Pope, 40, a photographer, died at 1:57 p.m. in the Groom Osteopathic Hospital, less than two hours after the plane crashed. Cecil Kinerd, an employee of the Amarillo Flying Service, and pilot of the plane, was injured. He received cuts and bruises, hospital attendants said.

Pope had been commissioned to take aerial photographs of the scene of a three-car collision at the intersection of U. S. Highways 66 and 70, Friday, which claimed three lives. He had secured the services of Kinerd to fly him to the area and was believed to be

nearing the scene for a picture when the accident occurred.

Witnesses at the site said the plane came in low and struck a power line as it began to climb. They said the plane was low enough to go under the lines had it remained in level flight, but the propeller struck the line as it began to rise in the air. The plane nosed over and crashed into a field near by and was badly damaged.

Kinerd was able to walk away from the crash, but both he and Pope were taken to the hospital by a Murphy ambulance from Clarendon. Attendants at the hospital diagnosed Pope's injuries as a broken leg and hip, head injuries and severe lacerations about his body.

Pope was owner and operator of the Pope Photo Records Co. in Amarillo. He was born in Dallas, but had been a resident of Amarillo for several years. During World War II he served as a captain in the U. S. Air Force in the Italian theater of operations.

Survivors include the widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Pope, Amarillo; one daughter, Starley Pope, Amarillo; his mother, Mrs. John A. Pope, Dallas; and three brothers, Jerome, Houston; W. B. Dallas; and Virgil, Austin.

Funeral services are pending final arrangements by N. S. Griggs and Sons here.

Rites for Air Crash Victim Arranged

An Amarillo pilot, Cecil Kinerd, was released from Groom Osteopathic Hospital late yesterday afternoon after being treated for minor injuries sustained in a plane crash near Jericho earlier yesterday.

Fletcher Pope, 40, an Amarillo photographer, died of injuries less than two hours after the accident.

Funeral services for Pope will be held at 2 p.m. Wednesday in the Pioneer Chapel of N. S. Griggs & Sons Funeral Home, Amarillo. Dr. Carl E.

Bates, pastor of the First Baptist Church, will officiate. Burial will be in Memory Gardens.

Pope had been commissioned to take aerial photographs of the scene of a three-car collision at the intersection of U. S. Highways 66 and 70 last Friday. Three persons were killed in that wreck.

Pope had hired Kinerd, a pilot of the Amarillo Flying Service, to take him to the scene.

Witnesses said the plane came in low and struck a power line as it began to climb. The plane first passed under power lines and then began to climb, but the propeller struck one of the lines. The

plane nosed over and crashed into a field.

Kinerd was able to walk away from the crash. Pope was taken to the Groom hospital by ambulance and died at 1:57 p. m.

Pope was owner and operator of the Pope Photo Records Co. in Amarillo. He was born in Dallas, but had been a resident of Amarillo for several years. During World War II, he served as a captain in the Army Air Corps in the Italian theater of operations.

Survivors include the widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Pope, Amarillo; one daughter, Starley Pope, Amarillo; his mother, Mrs. John A. Pope, Dallas; and three brothers, Jerome, Houston, W. B., Dallas, and Virgil, Austin.

Tribute to a Lady

There are so few left who can really remember when the whir of wild turkey wings was a hum on the river breaks. . . . when the native plum trees were a cloud of white edging the creek beds. . . . when the prairie grass was thickly waving against the far horizon. . . . when the Llano Estacado was as fresh and new as coin from the Denver mint. . . .

There are so few left who really know the awesome wideness of the range country, . . . and the little communities of men and women who were pioneering a wide and not too friendly country. . . . who could remember the thrill of the first piano in first parlor of a brand new town . . . of the first school, and the first church, and the all other firsts that were to be the tendons on which a community fleshed up.

But Olive King, native to Roanoke County, Virginia, could remember all of these windswept, sunswept days when men began to climb the escarpments that guarded the High Plains of Texas and to tame this land to their use. Because she married a man much older than herself, who had known even an earlier day when the thundering roll of the buffalo hooves was broken by the shrill cries of the Indian hunters, Olive King Dixon could "remember" the memories of even older days.

It is difficult to believe that when the spry little woman died here Saturday night only the span of her lifetime separated the sprawling industrial plants of the North Plains from the wide empty land of grass and buffalo and Indian.

She was as typical of the women who really brought civilization to the frontier as if she had been a prototype. She raised children to sturdy manhood and womanhood. She taught school. She planted trees and flowers. She added to the stream of culture by laboriously gathering the stories from the men who were there at the beginning, the folk-lore as well as the fact, and set them down for later generations to read.

She was no embattled club woman striving for "rights" or crusading for reforms. She remained to the last breath of her life exactly what she was at the beginning—a Virginia gentlewoman whose business was womanly business: making a home; raising a family; paying decent homage to the continuity of human affairs by keeping the records of her generation for those who

AMARILLO DAILY NEWS

MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1936

Mrs. Olive K. Dixon Services Set Tuesday

Funeral services for Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, who died Saturday night, will be held Tuesday at 2 p.m. in Griggs Pioneer Chapel.

Dr. Eugene Slater, pastor of Polk Street Methodist Church, will officiate.

Mrs. Dixon, widow of the famed Indian Scout, Billy Dixon, was stricken with a heart attack and was dead on arrival at St. Anthony's Hospital. She was 83 years old.

She had been a resident of the Panhandle more than 60 years.

Mrs. Dixon lived near the Canadian River when there were only a handful of white women living on the High Plains.

She had been actively carrying on her newspaper writing at her desk at the Globe-News the last few days.

She started writing as a correspondent for The Daily News when she lived in Miami in the early 1920s, and built a reputation as a historian of the Panhandle-Plains.

Her best known work was the biography of her husband, "The Life of Billy Dixon," and she

wrote many magazine articles and collected material for the Panhandle Plains Historical Society.

Mrs. Dixon died as she and her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McKee, were returning from dinner at Underwood's Bar-B-Q. Mrs. Dixon suddenly slumped unconscious against her daughter's shoulder.

McKee drove her to St. Anthony's Hospital where she was declared dead on arrival of a coronary heart attack.

Mrs. Dixon made her home with her son, A. K. Dixon, 808 Jackson. She was a member of the Polk Street Methodist Church.

She was born in Virginia and came to the Panhandle early in 1893, at the age of 20. Her first home in Texas was with her brother, Archie, in a line camp at Johns Creek, Hutchinson County, on the Canadian River.

She was married to Billy Dixon in 1894. He died in 1913.

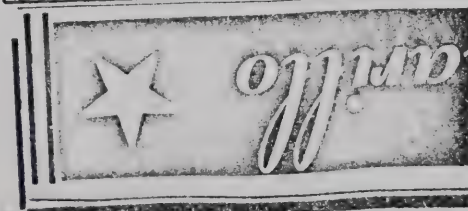
The newlyweds lived at his home on the ruins of Adobe Walls, where Dixon had gained fame 10 years earlier.

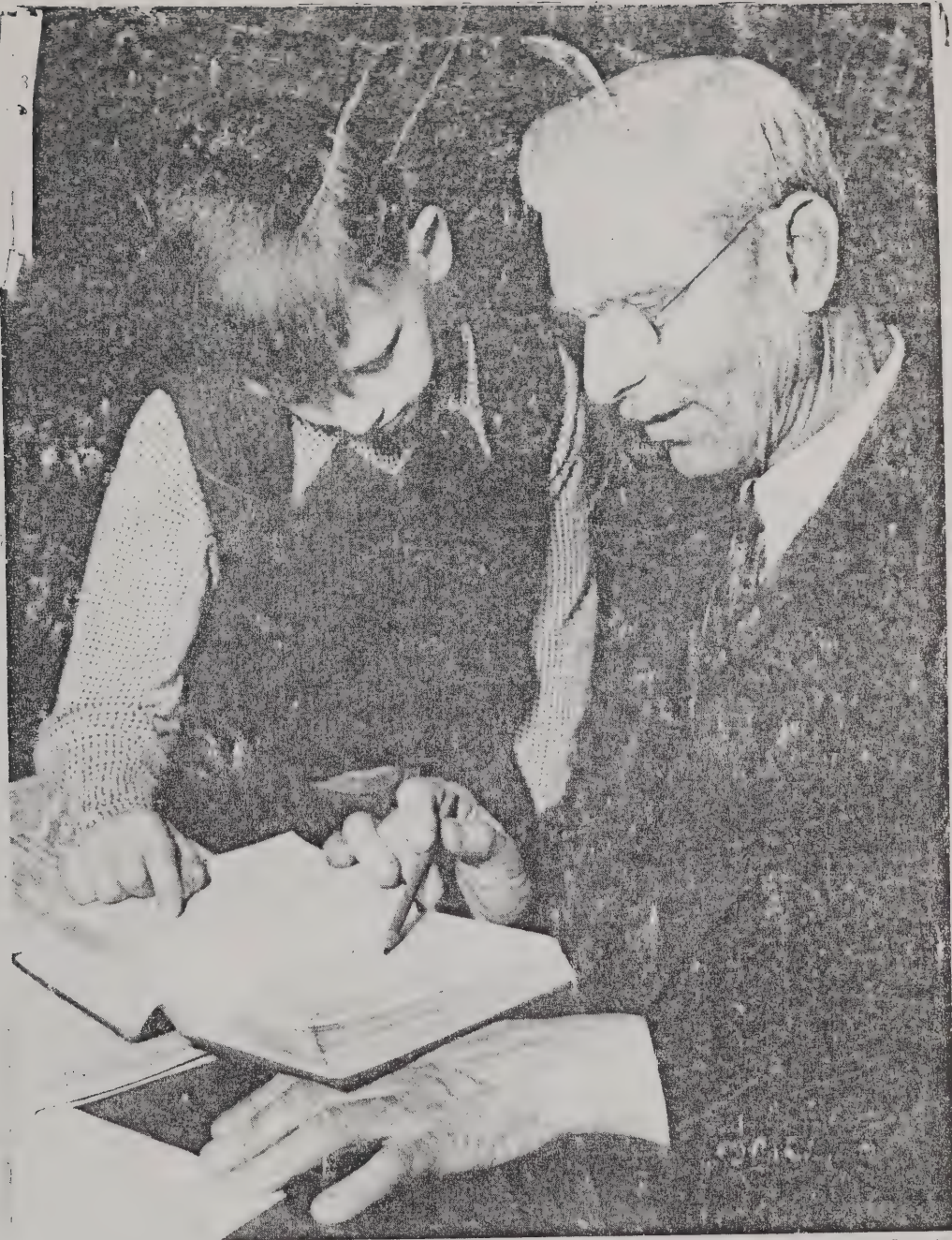
Mrs. Dixon had seven children. Six of them survive her.

They include four daughters, Mrs. G. W. McKee of 713 Bellevue, Mrs. W. R. Irwin of 3006 Harrison, Mrs. E. P. Coble of Clayton, N. M., and Mrs. J. H. Ragan of San Angelo; two sons, A. K. Dixon, 808 Jackson, and W. D. Dixon of Beaumont, and nine grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren.

Burial will be in Llano Cemetery under the direction of N. S. Griggs and Sons.

Ordering. Lettering.





Mary Eleanor Browning

Studying Together to Become Americans

HERMAN EDWARD GOTTSCHALK, A FORMER RESIDENT OF GERMANY, AND ABILIO NUNES, A RETIRED CHEMIST FROM PORTUGAL, MASTERING ENGLISH IN A CLASS AT THE AMERICANIZATION SCHOOL WHICH IS OPERATED BY THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AS AN AID TO THE FOREIGN BORN

